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Christmas Number

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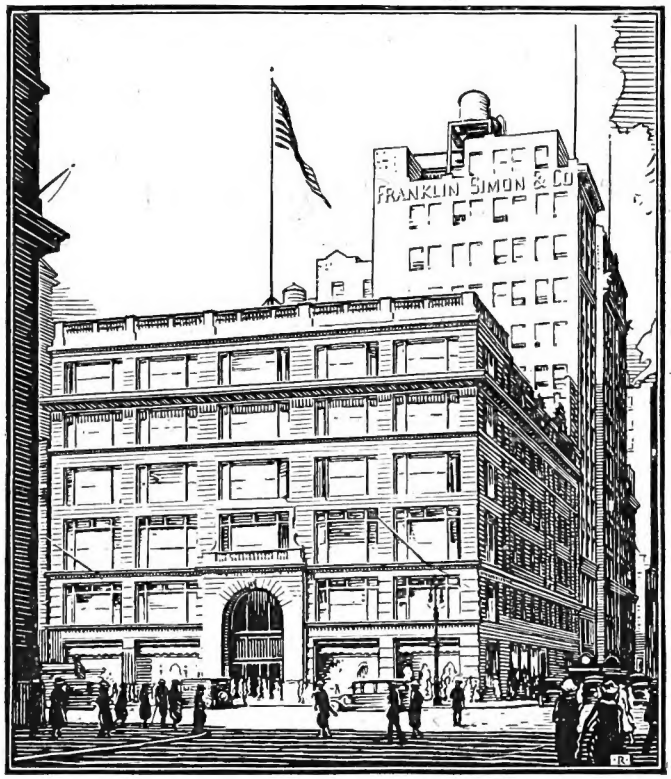

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Police Magazine

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

December, 1924

PERRITON MAXWELL
Editor-Publisher

WALTER G. SPRINGER
Business Manager

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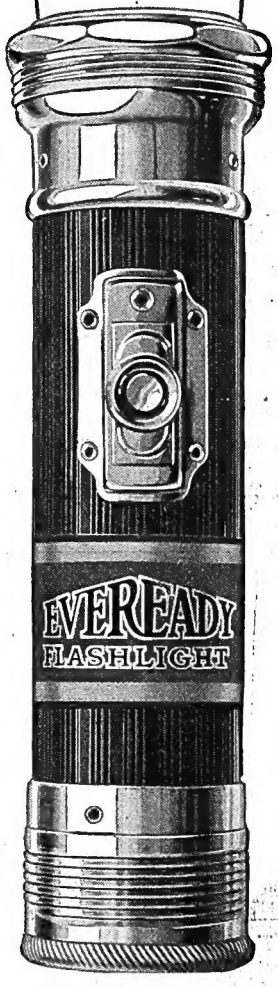

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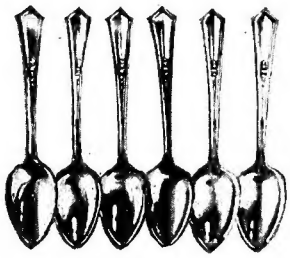

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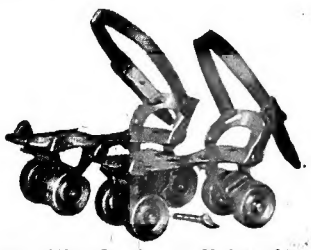

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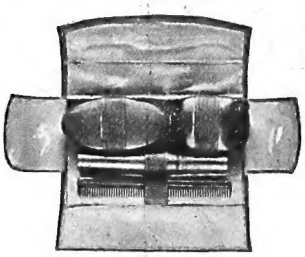

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That trite old adage "Truth is Stranger than Fiction" will be more than exemplified in the personal narratives of detectives and police officers whose contributions will enliven every issue of POLICE MAGAZINE. Every "cop" has a story under his cap and it will be the endeavor of the Editor to discover these true tales and present them in plain, unvarnished form.

The policeman lives a daily life of adventure and throughout the land there are more dramas enacted every hour of the day by policemen than is dreamed of by the ordinary citizen. All "cops" are invited to send in their reports of the unusual cases in which they have participated. We have a rich store of mystery cases from these sources. We want, too, to hear about the most stirring incident in the life of every detective. The most imaginative author cannot excel the facts themselves in the high-spot experiences of a seasoned police detective.

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THE BUREAU OF PUBLIC INFORMATION — A BUSY DAY ON OFFICER FLANNIGAN'S POST

Drawn by F. STROTHMANN *the Noted Humorous Artist*

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POLICE MAGAZINE

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE
POLICE PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 461 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

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NUMBER TWO

NEW YORK, *December*, 1924

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"Sweet little kid," said Freddie Benton to himself. "Innocent as a baby chick."

The Inside Man

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Author of "The Last Frontier," "Under the Big Top," "The White Desert," "Shoestring Charlie," etc.

Illustrated by JOSEPH ST. AMAND

Six months of waiting were nearly over for Freddie Benton, sometimes called the Beaver. There were several reasons for that name, one being the fact that Freddie Benton was a hard and energetic worker—along certain lines. Another, and more important, was the fact that he could stay a long time under water. Freddie, to use a coarse expression, was one of the Big Smoke's inside men. And Freddie, just like all the others, was fitted for the part.

In the first place, Freddie Benton didn't look like a crook. Freddie had a brain and Freddie hadn't overlooked the training of the fine points of his existence. True, he could reground the wires under a severed ignition switch with an ease that was charming, or pick a gear lock with a celerity that bore the handiwork of art. A little thing like a disconnected feed pipe to the gasoline tank, or a missing breaker-block from the distributor, was a thing of simplicity to him. The quick, easy manner with which he could work the combination of an autolock, or release the bars of a steering wheel protective appliance, was a revelation. The ordinary methods of automobile thievery were as an open-faced watch to him—if he chose to work at that phase of the game. But he didn't. That was a common person's job, and, as has been said before, Freddie Benton had brains. All of which formed the reason that he was walking down the

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It was the sharp, insistent call of the telephone. Freddie Benton stiffened his nerves with a jerk.

soft carpeted hallway of an exclusive hotel, on the way to report to the Big Smoke.

A knock, a moment of waiting, then Freddie gripped the hand of a white-haired, fatherly appearing person, who beamed genially, and smiled down on Freddie with the tolerant pride of a parent upon a child.

"Well, boy!" he exclaimed, "you're certainly a cure for sore eyes. It's been six months since I've looked at you!"

"Thanks." Freddie tossed his cap on a table and lounged into a chair. "Didn't happen to bring me any presents?"

"I certainly did!" The Big Smoke, puffing placidly at his cigar, reached into a pocket and brought forth a heavy roll of bills. "Let's see," he mused, as he began to count, "your share runs thirty-two hundred. You got that draft I sent, didn't you?"

"For the ten thou?" Freddie was reaching forward for the proffered bills. "Yes, I got it all right. I sure thought St. Louis would pay better than thirty-two hundred. Didn't Snapper have the layout ready?"

"Yes," the Big Smoke puffed thoughtfully, "but conditions just went against us. The night we picked for our cleanup was as pretty an evening as you ever saw, at first. Then the weather changed, and a terrific storm came on. The result was that everybody ran for cover, and we could only cop thirty machines on the night and make our getaway. I came through in one of the boats—a big Loco. Pippin, too."

"Mind if I use it tonight? Mine's in the shop."

"Certainly not. Now," and the Big Smoke shifted forward, "what's the lay here? How's the prospect for business?"

"Great! Did you get that sample license I sent you?"

"Sure. Had a hundred and fifty of them made up. They're over in my trunk. You've gotten the lay of the ground pretty well?"

"Best in the world. Know every car in town that amounts to anything."

"Nobody suspects you?"

"Hardly. They all know I'm a nice young man from the East with plenty of money and out here for my health." Freddie coughed slightly behind an upraised hand and grinned. "So I play golf every afternoon and meet the bunch out there. I eat at the big hotels and belong to all four clubs. I know the cars and all the scandal. There's one little spot in this town where you can pluck off twenty boats, take your time about it, and then have three hours' leeway before anybody makes a squawk!"

"Club?" The Big Smoke leaned forward. Freddie grinned.

"Better than that. Society bootleg palace. Have to leave their cars a block or so away to keep the place under cover. You'll find fifty or a hundred of 'em, all swell crafts, stacked up there every night, and no police protection."

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"No," the voice was Margaret Mason's, as she slid into a chair, "you used the wrong tense."

"How about the Protective bunch?"

"Nobody there."

"Sure?"

"I ought to be," Freddie grinned. "I know 'em all."

"That's covering a lot of territory. Where'd you get your dope?"

"Well," said Freddie Benton, as he casually drew forth a cigarette and lit it, "when you want information, go to the place where it grows. I was at a dance one night and met a peach of a girl. Margaret Mason's her name. Always did like that sort of a name. But," and he smiled slowly, "when I found out who it was, I decided to fall in love and send her orchids. Her old man's the main squeeze of the Protective Association!"

"No?"

"And every night I hold her hand and tell her how much I love her and how I like her father and how interesting his work must be. Then she tells me all about it."

The Big Smoke smiled more genially than ever.

"The pickings ought to be easy for us. The gang's on the way from St. Louis now. Everything ought to be ready to shoot in a week or two. So go ahead and enjoy yourself. I'll call up the garage and tell them to let you have my boat. See me tomorrow afternoon at the same time."

"Yes, sir!" Freddie Benton, his pockets well stuffed with bills, reached for his cap and departed. Two hours later, he leaned back from his evening meal at the Athletic Club, happily content.

Things were going exceedingly well for Freddie. He was the trusted man of the Big Smoke and the Big Smoke had auto thievery down to a fine art. It was no hit-and-miss affair with him, every line was laid, every plan made before a wheel turned. Every car was catalogued, each man was at his place with instructions to guide him, every facility arranged for disposal.

And it was all so simple. The Big Smoke did not overcrowd the thing—the United States was broad and competition small. The result was that ten times during the year the Big Smoke struck, sharp and heavily, stealing in one night enough to compensate him for the time that his "company" loafed.

Of his twenty men and women, only five drew their share of the spoils. The others were on a salary far beyond the possible earnings of an ordinary crook—and it's a consolation to steal and draw a pay check for doing it. The other five—but that leads to the story of the "System."

Five men and women were there, of whom Freddie Benton was one. Each covered his two towns a year, quietly learned everything necessary, arranged for the "warehouse" or the "fence," and made the necessary reports. Then a quick swoop on the town by the fifteen paid experts, working every trick known to auto-thievery, the "storing" in a single night of from fifty to one hundred cars, and departure. The cars were gone; nearby towns showed no traces of them, a search of the garages displayed nothing. Months of delay, in which the cars

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did not reappear. Then, in their off moments, the workers returned, to drive the stolen property to nearby towns and dispose of it. But the Big Smoke never waited for this. He "paid on acceptance" to his trusted five a sum gauged by the result of the arrangements they had made in advance, taking his own profits later. Viewed from all angles, it was a nice, gentlemanly little business, with few risks, large returns and happiness all the way around —except, of course, for the original owners of the stolen cars.

And now Freddie Benton's time of planning was nearly over, and the world looked especially roseate. Denver was full of cars, jammed with cars, from every part of the United States, cars parked in places especially inviting to auto thieves, cars that were worth real money. Carefully had Freddie surveyed every phase of the situation, more carefully had he made his arrangements for the storing of the stolen property, and still more minute had been his quiet little investigations into the state of mind of those who sought to protect the automobile owner from just such persons as himself.

Quietly he gloated over his success, then, sucking at his inevitable cigarette, he made his way to the garage and clambered into the big roomy seat of the Locomobile that had brought the Big Smoke from St. Louis. A half hour later, he was far out in the Park Hill district, holding open the door of the big car and watching, with well assumed adulation, the figure of Margaret Mason as she came down the walk from the veranda to join him.

"Look what the cat brought in," he said laughingly, as he nodded toward the car. "My old bus went into the shop today, so I borrowed this from a friend."

"Isn't it a beauty!" Margaret Mason, frankly pleased, looked at the great, sleek machine, its heavy, yet beautiful lines, its luxuriant upholstering.

"I'm—I'm almost glad that machines have to go to the shop now and then."

"So am I," answered the Inside Man, "if you like this one. Let's take a run up Lookout."

Up they went, to the top of the peak, there to sit in the luxuriant machine to watch the lights begin to twinkle in Golden, and to see the beginning of the glare from Denver, far away. Then back to town they came, while the girl talked and laughed, and while Freddie Benton, watching her out of the corner of an eye, almost wished that he were not a thief, that it were not all a game—a game with a girl and her father as the pawns and a hundred thousand dollars in automobiles as the stake. Once she bent forward to adjust a shoe lace, and Freddie Benton's eyes left the road. He had just turned on the lights, and the glow from the speedometer, flooding the whole front of the car with light, threw a soft gleam on the bright gold of the hair that caressed her neck, and gave to the tiny pink ear a more pleasing aspect than ever.

"Sweet little kid," said Freddie Benton to himself. "Innocent as a baby chick."

"What did you say, Fred?" The girl looked up quickly. Benton's eyes went back to the road.

"Nothing. Just humming a bit of a song. Is your dad home tonight?"

"I think so."

"Then we can have our usual game of pitch."

Back to the house they went and to the evening game with Jim Mason of the Protective Association—a game that had become a sort of institution of late. And when it all was over—

"By golly!" Grey-haired old Jim Mason rose and stretched, "something better begin to happen around this town pretty soon, or I'll be out of a job. There hasn't been an automobile stolen in ten days. It's monotonous."

"Isn't that a bit unusual?" Benton appeared mildly curious. Jim Mason nodded vehemently.

"You bet it is—and it can stay unusual as long as it pleases. If things keep up this way a few days longer I can shoot my men out into the state on a lot of work that's piled up out there."

Again Freddie Benton seemed mildly interested. An hour later, however, his real interest was finding expression—he was back in the hotel, telling the Big Smoke of the night's discoveries—discoveries that were to have their sequels. Day by day the roll call of the "system" bore more and more check marks against the names of the "workers," who were arriving from every part of the United States, to secrete themselves in quiet, inconspicuous hotels, and report in equally an inconspicuous manner to the Big Smoke. Day by day Freddie Benton made his way down the long, carpeted hotel hallway, to knock at the certain door and hold long conferences with the fatherly appearing person inside, while his evenings were spent, as usual, out at the house in Parkhill where dwelt a girl of bright gold hair and an easy going, pitch playing old father, who told things that he shouldn't. Day after day, night after night; then Freddie Benton made his way quietly to the Big Smoke's room.

"Everything's set," he reported. "We're sitting on top of the world. He spilled it tonight."

"About the operatives?" The Big Smoke, in his pajamas, pawed the dresser top for a cigar. Freddie Benton nodded.

"Yeh," he answered. "They've blown town, everyone of them. Went out this morning to clean up a lot of petty work through the state. They'll be gone until—something happens here."

They both laughed. Then the Big Smoke, suddenly becoming serious, waved his cigar.

"Then we'd better figure on cutting loose tomorrow night," he ordered.

"Everybody's here now; Slim Randall got in on the 8 o'clock train. Have you got that layout with you?"

Freddie Benton reached into an inside pocket.

"Sure. The whole thing. Can't tell much about it from my notes. You'd better put it down yourself."

"All right." The Big Smoke reached for paper and pencil. "Shoot."

"Well," the inside man studied the bit of paper before him, "the first place to hit for is Champa between 15th and 16th. Spot the cars as they drive up and pick the last ones in. Then, as soon as the first crowd comes from Curtis street, make the getaway there. The owners will be in the picture shows, while earlier movie fans are pulling out. See? Everything'll be covered. That's fifteen cars, isn't it?"

"Yep," the Big Smoke was making notes and figures. "Where next?"

"Up into the next block. Easy enough. Not lighted very well and a sure getaway. You can work the blocks between 16th and 18th for thirty cars easy. Then a general spread out for one haul, picking the parked cars on the darker streets. After that make the cafe hangout on Broadway, and then a split on the last haul to City Park, Washington and Berkeley. There's not a pinch in sight anywhere."

The Big Smoke nodded. "Fair enough. I'll pass out the fake licenses to the bunch, and have them on the job at 8:30. That's about right for a starter, isn't it?"

"On Champa? Yeh. Then work fast. They've only got a few blocks to go to the warehouse and they ought to be able to make two more hauls before the first theft

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is discovered. It's only a matter of speed and judgment."

"But how about trouble at the warehouse?"

"Getting the cars in? None at all."

Freddie Benton grinned. "It's one of the darkest streets in town and used by all the taxis and cars coming from the Union Station. Not a pedestrian an hour and the cop has a long beat. It's safe—I've trailed the flat-foot until I know his box-calls. Watch the time and you're perfectly safe. Here are the hours when he's due to pull his box at the other end of the beat."

He brought forth a card and handed it to the Big Smoke. The head of the thievery ring studied it carefully.

"Everything looks O. K.," he said at last. "Better frame yourself an alibi tomorrow. I can look after everything here. Now beat it."

Freddie Benton gracefully agreed. The next afternoon found him on the fairway of a golf course, a lissome, fair-haired girl accompanying him as they began the first of eighteen holes of golf. All afternoon they played, and Freddie Benton's game was the game of a man with nothing on his mind save golf, with every nerve quietly responsive to the slightest command of his brain, with never a distracting thought or unpleasant worry.

He was jovial and good humored, was Freddie Benton, talkative and jolly, the perfect suitor of a girl who still held him at arm's length, who frankly enjoyed his society, openly revelled in his cleverness, and just as candidly told him that the time might never come when she could accept his advances for what they seemed to be worth.

A good afternoon it was, a happy one. Freddie Benton said so as they started home in Freddie's car, once more retrieved from the garage; Margaret Mason echoed the sentiment, then added: "You're coming to the house for dinner?"

Freddie Benton summoned his best smile. "What could be sweeter?" he asked in his joking tone. "I was just hoping that you'd invite me."

"I hope you're hungry."

"You've won your hope. I could eat a whale. Is your father going to give me revenge tonight?"

"At pitch? I rather think he's planning on some for himself—for all those games you won last week."

"That's his privilege."

Freddie Benton laughed as he said it—secretly he hoped that Father would win often and long without disturbance from the police. But one thing was certain; when that disturbance came, it would find Freddie Benton innocently playing pitch with the chief of the Protective Association's detectives, and so far removed from any suspicion in regard to the sensational cloudburst of auto-thievery scheduled for that night.

"All right, Dad," came the calm voice of Margaret Mason, "it couldn't have been nicer if he'd held out his hands for me."

There was another angle to the whole thing that also gave cause for happiness in the heart of Freddie Benton—no one was suspicious; not one of their plans had gone astray; otherwise Jim Mason would not be sitting calmly at home, with his men scattered to every part of the state. The world was decidedly good. Freddie Benton hummed a bit as they drove along.

And the world grew decidedly better as the hours went by. Dinner. A chat on the veranda, while Margaret Mason became enthusiastic about the golf game of the afternoon and while Jim Mason puffed complacently at his pipe. Darkness, and they went within to the inevitable game of pitch.

Freddie Benton taunted his adversary as he dealt the first hand. He taunted him more when at the end of the first game Jim Mason was hopelessly in the rear with a long row of "sets" to his discredit. The second game came and went, with Freddie Benton on the side of victory. The third game began, progressed nearly toward the end, and then——

"What did you bid?" asked Freddie Benton, absently.

"Two."

"Play it!" came in a monotone as the Inside Man overlooked an ace, deuce, jack and king in his own hand and allowed his opponent to score four toward victory. He had looked at the clock. And the clock stood at eight-thirty.

Eight-thirty! Down on Champa street men and women were climbing unostentatiously into waiting automobiles, then sending the machines out into streets crowded by theater-goers. Eight-thirty—the first act of the big drama for which he had worked months in setting the stage, was unfolding—the big game was being played—the game that puts fever in a man's veins, and here he sat, staring at a handful of cards!

His lips twitched slightly. He played a trump instead of an off suit, and dimly from somewhere he heard the combined laughter of Margaret and Jim Mason at his bad judgment. The table seemed to be far away, the cards seemed floating in the haze; worse and worse his game

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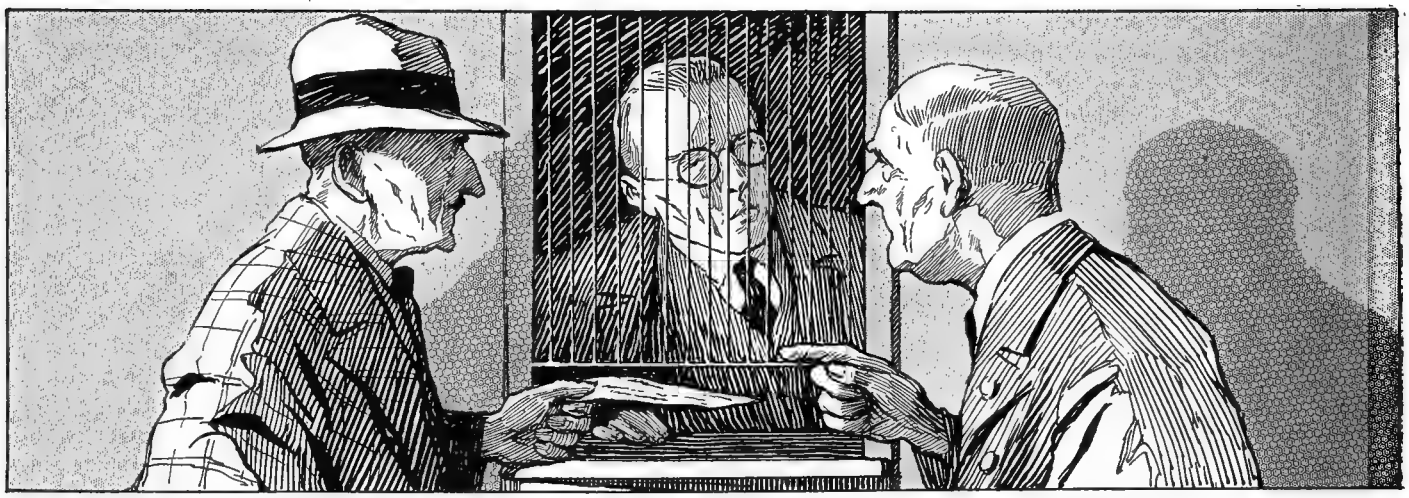
¶ *Here are some important fact-stories to remember the next time you make out a check to the order of a stranger*



The crook and the bank-guard stepped to the paying-teller's wicket, the guard saying: "Please cash this check for Mr. Weston."

The Check-Forger's Wiles

Actual Instances Where Clever Crooks, by Simple Manipulation, Have Converted Genuine Orders for Small Amounts Into Huge Payments that were Honored

By Carl H. Getz

Illustrated by Walt Williams

STUDY of the claims made upon the forgery bond departments of the various surety companies would lead one to think that a fiction writer compiled them. Many are incredible. For example:

A crook walked into a New York bank recently, pulled a check from his wallet, filled it out, and then began to wave it as if to dry it. One of the bank guards came up to him and asked:

"Do you wish to cash a check, Mr.—Mr.——?"

"Weston is my name," said the crook, "Mr. James R. Weston, of number Blank Broadway. I was just wondering which line would get me the quickest service."

"Why, that one, to be sure," said the guard, where there were but three men.

"Oh, thank you," smiled the crook as he continued to wave his check.

When the three men had finished at the paying teller's wicket the guard and the crook stepped to the window, the guard saying:

"Please cash this check for Mr. Weston."

The teller looked at the check and then at the man. He didn't remember the latter's face or his account, but he cashed the check because, as he afterwards explained:

"I assumed the man was all right because the guard seemed to know him."

The stranger did not, of course, have an account in the bank and neither did any one by the name of James R. Weston.

And in the same vein is another interesting case.

A man walked into a Boston bank and asked for the pass book of John R. So-and-So.

The youth in charge of bank books handed it out. The crook saw that Mr. So-and-So had a balance of $2,700, so he obtained a blank check, wrote it out to cash for $2,500, forged the signature and handed it to the teller.

"I am sorry, Mr. So-and-So, but I don't seem to remember you," said the teller. "Haven't you something to identify you?"

"Here is my pass book," said the crook, "and here are a few cancelled checks." And he handed both to the teller, who quickly handed them back.

"You see we have to be very careful," explained the man at the window as he handed out $2,500.

All of which teaches the lesson that banks should be careful to give bank books to their rightful owners.

A forger was arrested in Chicago recently who made his living by raising checks of well-known firms. When arrested he was asked how he succeeded in getting possession of checks.

"Simplest thing in the world," he explained. "One method was to go to some prominent store, make a purchase of two articles, and then later return one by mail with a letter asking that a check be sent me for the amount due me. In all my experience I never failed to get a check. I frequently answered the advertisements of substantial companies and carefully made an error

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of two or three dollars in the remittance. Invariably, without my asking, a check came back for the difference. Although these checks were written on safety paper and with a check-writing machine I never had any difficulty in raising them. Because they were the checks of well-known firms I had no trouble in cashing them."

This man was asked what he thought was the value of safety paper and figure perforating machines.

"No business should be without both," he said. "They won't stop the experienced crook, but they will stop the inexperienced ones and those criminally inclined. But then there is this to think about. Much has been printed about safety paper checks which are said to be absolutely forgery proof. I doubt very much whether a check ever was invented that was absolutely forgery proof. Crooks know that if they can raise a safety paper check their chances of cashing it are very good because the man receiving it thinks the check can't be bad and so he cashes it."

For the delectation of a group of police officers and representatives of certain surety and check-writing companies, this crook experimented with a safety-paper check declared to be forgery proof. A check for one dollar was handed to him. The amount was written with a machine. The experienced one first placed the check upside down on a blotter and rubbed his thumb nail along the paper where the amount line had been imprinted. He then took acid and washed the surface of the check. After he had dried it to his satisfaction he retinted the entire surface. He next imprinted $1,000 with a new machine which completely covered up the original amount. Finally, he used a tooth brush to give the paper a mottled appearance. While the check was not the same color as originally, it would have passed ninety-nine tellers out of a hundred. The crook had demonstrated to the satisfaction of those present that even a safety paper check can be raised.

"But by all means advise the business man to use safety paper," he said. "The amateur crook won't bother with a safety paper check. He will cash bogus checks instead. It's much simpler."

The skill of the forger in covering himself after passing his bogus paper was well demonstrated recently. On March 13th the auditor of a certain automobile company of Detroit totaled up his accounts for freight and handling charges on cars that had been shipped during the preceding three or four days to their New York forwarding representative. He found that $2,771.25 was due Mr. Sanford Williams, the forwarding agent, and so had a check for that amount made out to him. That check was just like hundreds of other checks which had been sent to him. It was drawn on a National Bank in St. Louis and was promptly mailed to New York.

On March 18 this check, altered to read payable to William Brown, was presented for deposit to the credit of a man we will call Henry Smith, at a Broad street bank in Manhattan. Mr. Smith was introduced to the bank by a Mr. Hancock—name unimportant—a depositor of the bank, and this check was the first and only check he had ever placed to the credit of the newly-opened account. He was told that the check would be received subject to collection and he was not permitted to draw against it until eight or nine days later, when he inquired and found that no adverse report had been received from the St. Louis bank and was thereupon permitted to draw about $2,500 of the amount of this check in cash.

Meanwhile the St. Louis bank, being suspicious of the form of the check, sent it back to the auditor of the motor company in Detroit for examination. This official at once recognized that the check had been altered and filed claim under his forgery bond to have the amount restored to the company's account. This was done within twenty-four hours after the receipt of the claim.

Investigation revealed the fact that Mr. Henry Smith who cashed the check had sub-rented a part of the space in the office immediately adjoining the office of Mr. Williams. Mr. Williams advised the surety company that frequently he didn't get down to his office until 9.20 or 9.30 and that it was not an unusual occurrence for him to find a great deal of his mail sticking out from under the door where the postman had been unable to push it clear under. The presumption of the detectives assigned to the case was that someone had picked up an envelope containing this check.

On Friday, April 20, Mr. Smith, having learned that the surety company was looking for him, volunteered to go to the offices of that institution, or to the bank, and explain the circumstances. Finally it was agreed that he should go to the bank. And this is the story he told:

"I am an ex-jockey and well acquainted with the race track people. I have arrangements whereby I am able to get tips on the races. I advertise in the racing forms, offering to give the name of one winning horse each day for $5. This brings to my office in Broad street all kinds of people, in fact, the tenant from whom I sub-let the office space has at times laughingly suggested that I should have a special policeman in charge, owing to the character of my visitors.

"But I don't care who they are, or what they are, so long as they bring in their $5 bills; my sole aim is to lure the men, separate them from their money, and get them out as quickly as possible. Of course, my 'clients' come and go. Their visits generally last about a week.

"One day early in March Mr. Cox was introduced to me with the remark that he was king of the bootleggers, the owner of a private rum running yacht. Mr. Cox came in for a week or so getting my tips and talking horse. From time to time he asked if I knew anybody who wanted to buy liquor in quantities.

"One day a Mr. Broson came in and after talking horse and getting a few tips asked me if I knew where he could get a truck-load of whiskey. I proposed putting him in touch with Mr. Cox, who was in an inner office at the time. Broson said if they completed a deal he would split his commission with me. I introduced him to Cox and the pair got together. Later Broson told me that a deal had been consummated for six hundred cases of boose to be delivered at Atlantic Highlands and that there would be a commission of five dollars per case, which he (Broson) would split with me.

"The next day Broson came in and said that he had received 'the goods' at Atlantic Highlands and was ready to pay me my commission. He pulled from his pocket a stack of checks that must have been two or three inches thick. It seemed to me that he had checks on every well-known concern in the country. I noticed one $30,000 cashier's check on the Equitable Trust Company. I asked, 'What in the world are you doing with so many checks?' He said that he had no bank account in the East. He wanted me to put through a check for a large amount, but was short of ready money, but I picked out the smallest one in the bunch, which was the motor car check for $2,771.25. He also gave me nearly $300 in cash and asked me to put the check through my bank account, as it and the cash represented our joint commission, and I could later give him his share.

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"Cap'n" Jim Uses His Head

And His Reporter Friend Tells What Resulted in the Case of the Power Mausoleum Robbery

By Guy Fowler

Illustrated by Leo Kober

USUALLY, every Sunday night at Sterreton Police Headquarters, we played pinochle; a couple of detectives, a patrolman or two, the desk sergeant and any of the night police reporters who weren't calling on girls, or playing poker at the press club.

"Cap'n" Jim Walch never joined, but he enjoyed it as much as any one. He was not a captain, but a detective sergeant. The title was his by right of seniority and no one knew its origin. On Sunday nights he was the acting captain in charge.

"Well, if I can take in a few more, I'll have enough for my kids' Christmas," remarked Detective Lanigan jokingly, as he raked in some pennies.

That started talk of Christmas, though it was more than a month away. The subject was a sore one with me. It was a day of turkey dinners for most people, but for a reporter far from home it meant merely another meal in a restaurant. "Cap'n" Jim was equally unenthusiastic. He had a large family and a considerable mortgage on his home.

The desk telephone rasped as I was about to quit the game. "Cap'n" Jim answered, in the clipped, calm voice which was part of his personality. He reached for his stub of a pencil and a pad of scratch paper.

"Yes . . . all right . . . go slow . . . yes. All right . . . we'll be out there right away."

He had already pressed the buzzer connecting with the patrol station. We watched him in that instant and knew that something important had come.

"They've broken into the Power mausoleum, boys!"

That brought us to our feet. The Power mausoleum! A magnificent thing of imported stone, with a shaft that rose up through the towering elms of Greenlawn Cemetery. The burial place of old Charles Power and his kin. Bodies lay in there wearing family heirlooms that grew green beneath the mould. A queer, sentimental strain in the blood perhaps, or an understandable disregard of costly things. But those of the Power clan who had passed on, took their treasures of jewels with them into the crypt.

A motor patrol loaded to the bursting point lunged through the deserted streets of Sterreton. I had flashed my office and they were holding up the last edition for the story. We found the main gates at Greenlawn open and roared into the cemetery over the smooth, winding roadway as no vehicle had done before.

The ghouls had used an electric torch to part the massive lock on the door of the tomb. The interior was ghastly. Faces glowed a sickly green beneath the wierd lights. Our shadows danced on the gray walls, looming hugely grotesque. Voices were subconsciously lowered. They sounded hollow. The air was dank.

The caskets of long dead members of the Power clan had been rudely pulled from their biers and smashed. Silver handles and name plates were gone. From one box a skull grinned up at us mockingly. One arm of the thing lay oddly across the breast bone and we saw that the phalanges of the hands had come away when the rings were ripped from whitened bones.

There were other bodies in the place which had not yet reached the skeleton stage. But none of them had been overlooked.

"Cap'n" Jim took charge. Four special cemetery guards and one man employed especially to watch the mausoleum, agreed that no intruder had come into the grounds within sight of the gates. Nor had any vehicle entered or left the cemetery after the gates were closed at nine o'clock.

The one special guard was a trusted man of the Power estate. He admitted that he had gone into the cemetery office for perhaps half an hour, between 2 and 3 o'clock. On his return he had discovered the result.

"But why did they pick this particular night?" he asked dully. "I have gone into the office almost every night for months."

"Cap'n" Jim looked at him quickly. 'Don't you suppose these fellows might have noticed that?" he questioned pointedly.

And that, in effect, was the story which we sprung upon the world on "blue Monday" morning.

It brought trained newspaper sleuths from a dozen cities. The Power estate imported special detectives from New York—men high in their profession. There was a reward of ten thousand dollars offered for the arrest and conviction of the robbers, aside from the honor and glory of the capture.

The Sterreton Police Department was represented by "Cap'n" Jim. That is, he was assigned to take charge of the case for the local department. Naturaly, every member of the force constituted himself a standing committee of one to capture the ghouls.

The first week went by with no results. "Cap'n" Jim always talked to me pretty freely when he had any ideas. Now, he was strangely silent. I noticed that he had commenced to wear flowers in his coat lapel. Today it would be a rose bud. The next time it might be a pansy.

"Why the decorations, Cap'n?" I asked him jokingly.

"Oh, they don't cost anything," he grinned. "I've been visiting around the flower shops."

"What's the idea?"

"Now as if ye don't know." His Irish eyes twinkled. "Haven't I got the finest garden space behind my house . . . when I get it paid for?" he added a trifle wistfully.

But I knew there was something else beyond curiosity

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about flowers that took him to the florists. And I knew that he would tell me when he was ready.

There was snow in the sky as December came in. "Cap'n" Jim was overdoing the thing. He had commenced to work on the case night and day. I met him as he was ambling away from headquarters one evening and trotted along. We walked in the direction of Greenlawn Cemetery. He was preoccupied with his thoughts and I did not intrude. Finally, voicing himself, "Cap'n" Jim remarked: "I'd certainly like to get those fellows. Think of robbing the dead!"

He had strong religious views and a deep reverence for those who faced eternity. As for me, the thought of the ten thousand dollar reward loomed larger than the satisfaction of punishing the robbers.

We came to the cemetery presently and passed in. Walch nodded to the man at the gate. At the Power mausoleum I leaned against the shaft idly smoking a cigarette. "Cap'n" Jim walked slowly along the smooth gravel path, his head bowed in thought. He stooped to pick up a small object, a vest button, apparently, covered with earth. A few remnants of cloth still clung to it.

"What's that, a clue?" I asked, half jokingly, half in earnest.

"Oh, I might need a vest button," he replied. "I bust 'em off now that I'm getting fat."

We walked through the grounds admiring their beauty, even with the flowers faded and the grass gone flat and brown. There was peace. But beyond the satisfaction that I always got from talking with "Cap'n" Jim, there was nothing else.

The second week of December came and the majority of visiting detectives and newspapermen went away. At police headquarters I loitered this morning for no particular reason. Time came for the line-up of prisoners, before the morning session of police court. The straggling row of down-and-out men filed in from the cell ranges.

"Cap'n" Jim should have been home and in bed. But he walked in and glanced along the line. He moved over to one of the prisoners. "You're a working man, aren't you, Tony?" he asked, sympathetically. The man replied vociferously that he was, with a waving of hands and much to say about the injustice of his arrest on a minor charge.

"You worked for Miller, the florist, didn't you?" pursued Walch.

"Sure. Good man, I work all da time," came the reply.

"How did you lose the button from your vest?" demanded "Cap'n" Jim, and his voice was hard . . . bitterly hard. He pulled the man out of line and gripped the dirty vest which hung about his frame. In a quick movement he withdrew from his own pocket the muddied button of the cemetery. I was behind him, breathless.

The button mated with the others. The cloth that strayed from it was the cloth of the vest. But this was not evidence. Not at all. Blue Irish eyes, glinting honesty, bored into frightened brown ones which wavered and found the floor.

"We've got it on you, Tony! Better tell the truth and save yourself trouble."

The "Cap'n" won. The man flung out both hands and burst into a volley of broken English. Translated, it became a confession. He had worked for the florist and learned of the Power mausoleum and its treasure. He had planned with others. Then, driving a delivery truck in which his three accomplices were hiding, he had gone into the cemetery. One of the others had driven the truck away, leaving three men hiding in the bushes until the special watchman made his call at the cemetery office.

"How did you lose the button from your vest?" demanded "Cap'n" Jim, and his voice was hard . . . bitterly hard.

Their escape over the fence had been quick and simple. They left no tracks on the half frozen earth.

"Cap'n" Jim was of the stuff that enters into the making of the truly great detective. He had never heard of the deductive method. He knew nothing at all of psychology. Certainly he could not have spelt that much overworked word. But he *did* have something superior to these scientific possessions; he had the gift of putting two and two together and getting a resultant four.

"It was a hunch, that's all," said "Cap'n" Jim over the Christmas dinner table at his home. "I just happened to think that a florist truck could get away with anything in a cemetery. The button? That was just luck. When I came into the station I looked at vests. I did from the night we found that button."

He attempted another bite of pie. "You shouldn't overlook little things in this business," he went on. All the little Walch tribe sat wide-eyed and full of turkey, baked by Mother Walch. "I'm certainly glad you didn't put it in the paper that I had a mortgage to pay off with part of the reward," continued "Cap'n" Jim. "I'll give you another story some time. . . ."

He looked over at my plate. "Come on now an' have another piece of that mince pie . . . mother made it herself."

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Father, Mother, Baby and—Murder

The Personal Narrative of the Policeman Who Arrested the Principals in the Notorious Vetter Case

By Sergeant Michael J. Murphy

Fifty-Sixth Precinct, New York

THE corpse of a man in the waters of Jamaica Bay, its head beaten to a pulp, its body stained with blood from sixteen deep stab-wounds—

A moderately prosperous, middle-aged citizen of excellent repute returning, together with his wife and baby, from a family outing—

Could any two pictures be more utterly unlike than those suggested above? Even I, experienced policeman though I may fairly call myself, would ordinarily never dream of associating one with the other. In the case of which I am writing it is true that suspicion of a sort was forced upon me from the first, but it was merely the general suspicion that something might be wrong. The thought of murder in connection with that couple did not enter my mind until their own conduct implanted it there.

The affair came to my notice in the spring of 1923, not long after my assignment to motor-patrol duty in the 118th Precinct, New York. The territory I had to cover, a portion of the precinct known as Howard Beach, might be described as the bedraggled fringe which edges one of our city's shabby outskirts. It is a dismal region of ill-lighted streets, some of them open at one end only, blind alleys, in other words, and all of them in the frowsy tin-can-and-waste-paper stage of their transition from pleasant country roads.

It was in this locality that I was cruising with my driver, Patrolman Fehrenz, very early in the morning of May 12th, when I saw another motor car, which had been approaching ours, suddenly turn and vanish into one of those blind alleys.

Now, such blind alleys, poorly lighted and thinly populated, yet lying within city limits as they do, are sometimes much in demand after nightfall, but not for purposes of violent crime. Nothing at all like that! A violent criminal would gain very little, except perhaps a slight nausea, from what he found in those places; they are haunted chiefly by automobile "petting parties." To discover those parties in order to send them on their ways was one of the duties of our patrol.

That other car, it is true, had been too far distant for me to see who or what was in it, but I doubted if it contained such a party; the hour—it was about two A. M.—was late, even for "petters." It appeared more likely that its driver had merely blundered into that cul-de-sac, which was a thing that not infrequently happened. Yet, though to this day I can't explain why, to me there seemed something furtive in the way he ducked his car around the corner. Somehow his action seemed too hurried, too nervous.

I think there must be some sixth sense which occasionally serves us in times of need. Something, at any rate, warned me that the driver of that other car was strongly desirous of escaping observation. He might be simply a stranger who had mistaken his road; he might be just an ardent youth, desirous only of a chance to express his adoration of the lady by his side, or he might be something very different from either. In any case, however, I decided that his car would bear watching, so we also turned into the blind street and cautiously followed it.

The driver evidently had lost his way, right enough. It also was evident he had discovered his error, for we met him and his car on their way out. He saw us about the same time we caught sight of him; and it was then he made the first and greatest of his fatal mistakes.

This was not a petting party; and no Sherlock Holmes was needed to discern the proofs of that fact. The man was normally stout, staid and elderly and though the woman certainly was much younger than he, the necessity for surreptitious spooning had for a considerable time ceased to exist; a fat baby lay there as what might be called corroborative evidence, sleeping peacefully in a little hammock swung across the tonneau.

A more typically domestic outfit can hardly be imagined. It might have been photographed and thrown on the screen in old-fashioned vaudeville to illustrate some such song as "Molly and I and the Baby." If, when he saw two policemen, the man had stopped, explained that he was lost in an unfamiliar neighborhood and asked how best to get out of it, we might possibly have taken a look at his car, but if so it certainly would have been a very superficial look, and in any case he would have been allowed to go on, helped by the best information in our power to give him. This, for his own sake, is what he should have done, but, unfortunately for him, he did nothing of the kind.

Instead he "stepped on the gas." His car shot ahead like a scared rabbit. As it passed, I got a glimpse of his face in the glare of a flashlight I turned upon it, and saw that it was scared, badly scared. I shouted an order for him to stop, but he didn't stop. Instead he put on more speed.

That was enough; Fehrenz didn't wait for orders. How he ever managed to turn our car completely around in so short a time is something I never could understand.

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But he did manage it, and then he too stepped on the gas; stepped so hard that he must almost have driven his foot through the floor of our car. Yet even so, it was fully ten blocks father on before we managed to corner that other automobile and bring it to a stop.

Somewhat angrily perhaps, I pulled the man from the wheel, commanded the woman to alight, and, when she had obeyed, ordered my chauffeur to search their car. He did so, and a thorough job he made of it, but nothing of the slightest importance was found until he came to the baby's hammock. There, lying on the sleeping child, was a revolver, fully loaded.

I asked the man for the permit which all citizens are required to obtain in order to keep a pistol; he told me that he had no permit. This left me no choice other than to place him under arrest for violation of the Sullivan Law, which I did.

Already I had questioned the pair. Now they were taken to the station-house and there questioned again, but with meager results. They described themselves as Ernest Vetter and Marie, his wife, of 4749 Bertha Place, Glendale. They had gone out for a drive, they said, and had lost their way as they were returning home. The pistol was one which Vetter habitually kept in the car for protection against possible hold-up men.

This, in effect, was all they had to say; and had it not been for their flight, the story would undoubtedly have been accepted as a perfectly natural explanation of the position in which they found themselves. As the events stood, I was morally certain they had something to conceal; but that was as far as I was able to go.

It was the woman who was responsible for this failure —entirely so. Her gray-headed male companion was panic-stricken when he ran away from two cops who, at that time, were only mildly interested in his movements; in the station-house this fright had increased until he was almost in a state of collapse. His answers were shifty and evasive, but it is more than likely he might have been compelled to tell all he knew if it had not been for that stolid, black-haired, round-faced young woman.

She was made of very different stuff from that which went to make up his nature. He fairly simmered in the sweat brought forth by his fears; she, on the other hand, was resolute, game as a terrier, even cheerful as she answered the queries put to her.

The man had sense enough to lean on her strength, with the result that both were admitted to bail. They left their car as security and went home.

In the circumstances this failure to obtain the information I sought was not only natural but inevitable. All the questions labored under the heaviest sort of a handicap. I knew to a moral certainty there was something to be found out, but at the time I couldn't even make a guess—and the woman knew I couldn't—as to the nature of that something. But if the arrest had been made twenty-four hours later I could have guessed, and guessed correctly, as I did.

It was the very next day that a young man named Lester Huff found that body in Jamaica Bay. Battered and stabbed as already has been mentioned, obviously a case of murder, it was identified as that of one Alonzo J. Storey, a telegraph operator of Glendale.

To solve the problem wholly became a very simple matter after that. This case in fact, like many others, may aptly be compared to the task of a man who has to demolish a pavement. When the first stone has been displaced, all the others can be made to follow with little trouble; and Storey's body was the first stone.

It was murder, of course, brutal murder; and murder can never be justified. One grants all that, yet in this case one is obliged also to grant many mitigating circumstances. Most details of the case are still so fresh in the public memory that a bare outline is all that is required here.

When Storey's body was found I thought at once that my Glendale couple were probably the murderers, who had lost their way when returning from a "family outing," which included the baby, because there was no one with whom it could be left, an outing taken in order to dump the body into Jamaica Bay. This turned out to be the fact. A motive was easily established; a few talks with the Vetters' neighbors left nothing to be desired in that regard.

Storey, it seems, had been an excellent specimen of one of the most objectionable varieties of human creatures that exist in this great land of ours. Namely, the local Lothario, proud above all else of his prowess among the ladies.

Among the other affairs boasted by this small-time Don Juan was one with Marie Brunnemer, as she then was, who worked in the office where he also was employed. It even went so far that Marie induced her unsuspecting, easy-going father to admit Storey to their home as a boarder.

There their clandestinely intimate relationship was carried on until interrupted by a quarrel caused in part by other heart affairs of Storey's which reached Marie's ears, partly by Marie's younger sister, a mere child, who complained that Storey had tried to establish the same relations with her.

It was some time after this that Marie was married—or so she said, probably truthfully, though no proof was offered—to Ernest Vetter, and notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, the union seemed at first to have been a very happy one.

Then the baby came, and with it, on the husband's part, came discontent and suspicion. It was something the younger sister had said that set him to thinking and aroused his jealousy. After frequent questioning, Marie confessed the Storey affair, but assured him with all the sincerity at her command that it was over and done with, absolutely and for all time, and that the baby was his own child beyond any possibility of doubt.

Still Vetter could not be satisfied. He was an elderly man. Storey was young and had, moreover, already gained a former ascendancy over Marie. How could he be sure that this ascendancy might not continue?

It was a difficult line of argument to overcome, one of the most difficult that human affairs can bring forth, as the experience of ages has gone to prove. In her desperation Marie proposed the one convincing test that would establish her good faith; and a terrible test it was.

Having arranged for Vetter to conceal himself in their home, Marie went to meet Storey at one o'clock A. M., at which hour he was accustomed to return from his work. She invited him to the house, and he readily went, with a smirk of anticipated new triumph, one may imagine. He sat down; and after bestowing a Judas kiss upon him, Mrs. Vetter went into the kitchen, ostensibly to get him a drink of whiskey.

She got the whiskey, right enough, but she also got a piece of steel shafting, which she hid in the body of her frock. With this as Storey was drinking, she hit him on the head. A short struggle ensued, during which she called to her husband for assistance, but she never left off beating Storey, who soon fell forward, senseless. Then Marie handed Vetter a long knife. He plunged it

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¶ *Christmas, primarily the children's holiday, lends to this unique article on the safeguarding of the identity of infants, a particular and seasonable appropriateness*

Left footprint of a week-old infant and the fingerprint of the mother, both made on the same date.

Another infant's footprint made for purposes of future identification. Each of these impressions is actual size.

Right footprint (together with the mother's fingerprint) of the infant as shown in extreme left panel.

Footprinting *The New Insurance Against Human Waste*

A Novel Interview with Mary E. Hamilton *Director of Policewomen's Bureau*

By Ada Patterson

"FOOTPRINTING is my fad," said Mary E. Hamilton. "But it is a fad that will last as long as I do. I hope it will last as long as the world."

The head of the policewomen of New York sat in a sunshine-flooded room of her home on the Lower West Side, with an empty, waiting apartment next door. She has furnished that apartment for desperate, unmarried mothers who might otherwise become human waste. Frantic, betrayed girls with the dawn of motherhood in them may ring her door bell at any hour and find sympathy and a room in the little waiting apartment that is a twin of Mrs. Hamilton's home. Twin in shining neatness and care and livableness. We were talking of these distraught, despairing visitors, of the pallid faces and the midnight ring at the door, when Mrs. Hamilton mentioned footprinting.

"It is the last word in accuracy in the detection of criminals," she said. "Commissioner Richard E. Enright, who is a progressive, forward looking official, deeply interested in fingerprinting not only for detection but for personal protection, approves footprinting.

"It came into the department in a strange way. A beggar was brought in. His hands were gone. His arms were mere stubs. How should we secure means of identification in his case? There were no birthmarks. Comparatively few persons have them. 'The only thing to do is to take his footprints,' said someone. The beggar's foot was smeared with the ink used in finger printing. He was told to step upon a sheet of white paper. There was a complete print. By that simple act the perfection of methods of identification had been reached. A criminal may twist his fingers and prevent a perfect print. But the sole of the foot is uncompromising. The footprint is a masterpiece.

"Footprinting has the widest application to the problems of life and the police; for hands may be maimed and manipulated, but the soles do not change. So long as the feet remain, the footprint is an infallible means of identification.

"It solves the problem of the unfortunate stricken suddenly by amnesia or aphasia. If every person were footprinted at birth and records made of the footprints the footprints would answer the sad old question, 'Who am I?'

"Footprinting would prevent the hospital blunders of mixed up and missing babies.

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"It would make complete and accurate beyond doubt the identification of the dead.

"Potters' Field would dwindle to a mere record of poverty rather than mystery. The appalling record of the burial of 250,000 unknown dead a year in this city would be erased.

"It would have caused Charlie Ross to be found. And Lillian McKenzie. It would have determined what, to my mind, has never been determined, whether the remains that were found and 'identified' by his harassed, heartbroken mother, were really those of Jimmy Glass."

"There would be no more lost children?" I asked.

Impression of the left and right foot of a newly-born babe made September 21st, 1922. With it are shown the left and right fingerprints of the mother.

"If lost they would be quickly found," returned Mrs. Hamilton. "And there would be no possibility of mistaken identities. No two footprints are alike and they never change. What mother could say with certainty, 'If my child were lost today I would recognize him in twelve years?' The woman who is not sure whether a child is her own or another's is the saddest sight in a world crowded with sad spectacles. Yet it is a common one. Nothing in nature changes so wholly as does a babe that is growing up. A mother's heart may tell her the truth but she has no sure means of proving it.

"In one of the city hospitals an overworked nurse handed a baby to the wrong woman. A Jewess had given birth to a child in the hospital. An Italian woman had become a mother at almost the same moment. When the mother was able to leave the hospital the nurse brought to her the Jewish child. 'That isn't my baby,' said the mother. 'Yes it is,' said the nurse. The weakened mother tried to believe the nurse and took the child home. The same hour an Italian child was placed in the arms of the waiting Jewish mother. Both mothers came back to the hospital tearfully protesting that they had received the wrong child. The hospital tried to solve the Solomonic problem. In the weeks that passed, while trying to discover whether such a mistake had been made, the Italian child died. Had the babies been footprinted at birth and their mother's fingerprints taken and filed beside them, such an error would have been impossible.

"The Rich case is another mystery that would have been solved by the footprinting of an infant and the filing of the mother's fingerprints beside it in a department of vital statistics. Mrs. Rich had hoped that her child would be a boy. When it was born the attending doctor told her that her hope was fulfilled. She had given birth to a son. When a new-born girl was brought to her bedside and placed beside her with the cooing words, 'Here's your little girl, Mrs. Rich,' the mother said, 'Take it away. My child is a boy. The doctor told me so.' There was a long and bitter controversy about the Rich case. The court decided that a Miss, instead of Master Rich had been born. The hospital doctor had explained that he had told Mrs. Rich her child was of the stronger sex because she had so much wanted a boy that he feared the shock might dangerously weaken her. She was induced at last to accept the little girl baby, but she insists today that she is not sure that she is not the victim of an hospital mixup of babies. She says her heart is haunted by the fear that the little one to whom she gave birth is growing into manhood in some alien home. That mother's torment could have been ended by a comparison of footprints.

"A man was notified last October of the birth to him of twins. He hurried to the hospital and was shown one child. The hospital authorities said there was no other. The parents were distracted. The hospital employees were angry. Out of that chaos order could have been brought by the means of footprints of the newborn child or children.

"It is a simple matter. The fingerprints of the mother can be taken when she enters the hospital. When the child is born the footprint of the child can be taken immediately after birth and placed beside the mother's fingerprints. Filed in the right places they are of indisputable record. They will convince the most doubting mother that it is her own child and not another's that has been placed in her arms.

"It is an economy in purse as it is in human values. The mother of Jimmy Glass crossed the continent many times to follow clues to her lost boy. She went to the Pacific Coast again and again. She travelled 200,000 miles. All that expense of purse could have been spared if the footprints of each of the possible Jimmy Glasses had been reproduced and sent to the mother for comparison with those of the missing boy.

A right foot impression of the same child as above, made twenty months later.

"If the footprints of all children were taken and paired in indissoluble union with the mother's fingerprints child abandonment would cease. There would be no such cases as that of the infant wrapped in its little blue blanket at the Sixth Avenue entrance to Central Park. With a heartbroken mother who was seeking her wayward daughter one morning I notice a horrible, furtive, long-tailed creature skulking through the grass. 'What is that?' I asked. 'A rat,' answered my companion. 'Strange that there should be a rat in the park,' I said. We searched in the direction from which he had come. Under the bushes close beside the seldom-used entrance to the park lay the body of a child. Its face had been eaten away by the rat. It was wrapped in a little blue blanket from the Lying-In Hospital. We traced the young mother quickly by the blanket. Betrayed by her married employer in a Springfield, Mass., office she had been cast off by him to the office boy. She

(*Continued on page* 47)

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"Omna," whose real name was Wolf, sneered at Nemesis for years, until Mrs. Seaholm finally ran him to earth.

The Spooks That Failed

Final Chapter in the Remarkable Career of "Omna" the Fortune-Telling Faker Who Thrived on Womens' Credulity and Died a Pauper

By Mrs. Isabella Goodwin Seaholm

First Grade Detective, New York Police Department

Of course with Omna missing, my difficulties were greatly increased. All my careful plotting to get him to the hotel had gone for naught. I had been playing the trapper, the setter of snares in the path of the hunted "Mystic." Now I had to change my tactics, become the pursuing hunter, trailing the elusive soothsayer as with blood hounds. More than ever must that most precious of a detective's qualities, patience, be mine.

Chryso, against whom I had a good case of my own, had taken alarm at the flight of Omna and vanished as had his master. So I had three persons to look for, Omna, Chryso, and Malluk. How I eventually overtook the latter, the murderous woman of the evil eye, I have told in another story. Here I set down the happenings as they befell after I started pursuit of Omna.

I began by sitting in the deserted offices of Omna waiting patiently for some client or employee who might know something of his probable whereabouts. First, I tried to learn from one of the two little stenographers and from the Countess where the man lived. I knew his real name was Wolf, but I had been able to learn nothing more about him. The two women soon convinced me that what the Countess had said was true. He kept his personal and his professional life far apart. No one connected with his establishment had ever known where he lived, so they told me. Beyond that he had even kept his staff in ignorance as to what section of the city he lived in. It might be out the Bronx way, Brooklyn, or anywhere in between, for all they knew.

I besought the now blazing-eyed Countess to cudgel her brains for some clue to him, but all that I obtained was a flash of memory concerning some doctor Omna had recommended to her—a Brooklyn doctor, she thought, though she had never gone to see him. "What street—what name?" I asked.

Only a blank stare answered me. She could remember nothing definite. Then—

"Hold on! Wasn't the street named after one of our great naval victories?" That was the only suggestion she could make.

Without the doctor's name it wasn't very valuable, since search of the Brooklyn street list revealed no streets called after Manila, Tripoli, Santiago, Mobile, Niagara, Lake Erie, New Orleans, Hampton Roads, or any of those other places where our ships have held the flag victorious.

I had to possess my soul in patience.

However, there soon came a great aid to my waiting. On the second morning of my vigil at Omna's broad desk —where, had he had the truth in him, I must have been literally encompassed by spirits—there appeared one who sharply interrupted my day-dreams about catching the vanished soothsayer.

There came into the room an elderly woman, obviously of German extraction, who cried out piteously, "Omna,

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Omna, wo ist er?" She wailed her question dolefully.

The little stenographer could tell her nothing and the woman sank sobbing on the bench, bemoaning what she said was a loss of $10,000. Looking at her clothing, which was of the style commonly affected by a washerwoman or a scrub woman, it was hard for me, even with my experience with the oddities of metropolitan life, to believe that she was one who had been able to hand over $10,000 in a lump even to the most wily of fortune-tellers.

But the good-looking, rather hypnotic-eyed Omna, with the emblem of one of our best secret orders sparkling on his ring finger, had obtained a solid $10,000 from her by making her believe that he was about to make her fabulously rich.

She had answered one of the old-time trick advertisements which recited that for one day only Omna would give a reading for $2 instead of the usual $5. Curiously enough, this bargain offering in futures frequently results in the catching of some of the richest fish. The people who have held on to their money extra close usually answer the reduced-price advertisements. And it is from this very class—the hard-handed servants and poor slavers for small wages who have saved penny by penny—that the slick artists of the astral "touch" usually make their big hauls. The countess and Mrs. Drew were very exceptional victims.

When I learned the history of Mrs. Langer I was even more astounded that she should have parted with $10,000. Her husband had been a marble rubber, a man who with the sweat of his elbows and a free use of marble dust, had spent years in polishing down great blocks of marble used for monuments and buildings. Back and forth, back and forth he had pushed his great polishing stone without cessation, month in and month out.

For $15 a week, in an upstate marble yard, he had worked where water covered his feet and his soles often had been cut through by the sharp stones. The couple had moved from the upstate town to Astoria, a great marble center, and, at what was to them the magnificent wage of $25 a week, had begun to save money.

Mrs. Langer had bought some lots, had built a house, and then had converted the lower part into a small store where she had worked all her days preparing salads and cooked meats for the neighborhood. Between their thrift and the rapid rise in Astoria real estate value the Langers at the time of her first answering Omna's advertisement, were worth $16,000 in good saleable real estate. It was free and clear—no mortgage—as such people would have it. They had two children and recently they had reached a decision common to folk in their circumstances, that it was about time for them to retire from the marble yard and the delicatessen shop and invest their money in a chicken farm.

The lure of the chicken farm had been so strong that Mrs. Langer in the hope of obtaining supernatural advice as to just where they should locate and what their prospects would be, had answered Omna's advertisement. She had first entered his office on a Monday morning six weeks before I met her.

At the trance seance that followed, Mrs. Langer was asked to write her questions on a slip of paper and to carefully seal it in an envelope which she kept on a table right in front of her and always in full view.

Omna, seated opposite, was to read the question by mental induction, so to speak, since obviously the envelope remained unopened on the table. Peering through envelope and paper Omna was to give the answer to the question. Of course the truth was that the envelope she had prepared had been exchanged for another one of similar appearance and that one of Omna's confederates, in the next room had acquainted him with the nature of the question.

The two things asked were "Will I be successful in chicken farming?" and "Where shall I go?"

Omna, after an apparently tremendous struggle to penetrate the paper of the envelope and read her question pretended to feel a great power possessing him.

"Of course you will be successful," was his pronunciamento. "My controls tell me so. Success is there for you.

" 'But why invest in a chicken farm?' they ask. 'Why not take an easier road to riches?' It is given to one with my powers to see many things that are not for the casual eye. I know of ways by which you can make great sums without the strain and struggle of chicken farming. You will only have to place your money in these enterprises and the profits will come rolling back to you in great amounts—one hundred per cent a year."

Mrs. Langer asked him what kind of investments he meant and he told her that the stars were not propitious for revealing the secret that day, but that if she would come in two days later he would be able to advise her.

On her second visit the future, as he painted it, was more rosy even than it had been before. He assured her that he had an easy road to wealth for her and that if she would invest the $3,000 she had planned to put into the chicken farm she could count on at least one hundred per cent in a year.

When she showed enough interest to ask him how this much money could be made he told her his controls, through their occult connections knew a certain gold mining company was about to make tremendous discoveries. She was about to tell me of the company and about the mother lode when I stopped her. Did I not know the story by heart? Just as he had in my own case weeks later, Omna had told Mrs. Langer that there was some doubt where she could buy into the company since there was a great demand for the stock because of the tremendous profits.

In her presence he had called a man on the telephone and begged and pleaded with him to spare thirty shares for Mrs. Langer. It was only by the exercise of the utmost persuasion that he seemingly had been able to obtain the promise of some of this precious stock for the now eager buyer.

Like Mrs. Kenton, Mrs. Langer was of a faith that forbade dealings with such as Omna, yet her belief in him was so great that she handed over $3,000 without investigating. She went home at peace with the world; her husband gave up his position. The two of them sat down to wait for those riches to pour in.

A visit to Omna about ten days later resulted in his telling her that his controls assured him the stock was going along wonderfully, that the prices would rise immediately, and that great discoveries would soon be made.

Only the most powerful spirits, he assured her, could know what precious mineral lay beneath the surface of the ground, and such spirits were those with whom he associated. He had by now fully transformed himself from a mere crystal reader into a trance medium. With the advice of his controls seemingly ringing in his ears, he persuaded Mrs. Langer to mortgage her $16,000 home in Astoria for $6,500 and to borrow $500 additional from friends to invest in his great gold mining enterprise.

The investment was made at the end of another ten days and from then on Mrs. Langer and her husband lived on expectations—hopes of quick dividends from their fast-rising gold stock.

The day that I met her some canny neighbor had sug-

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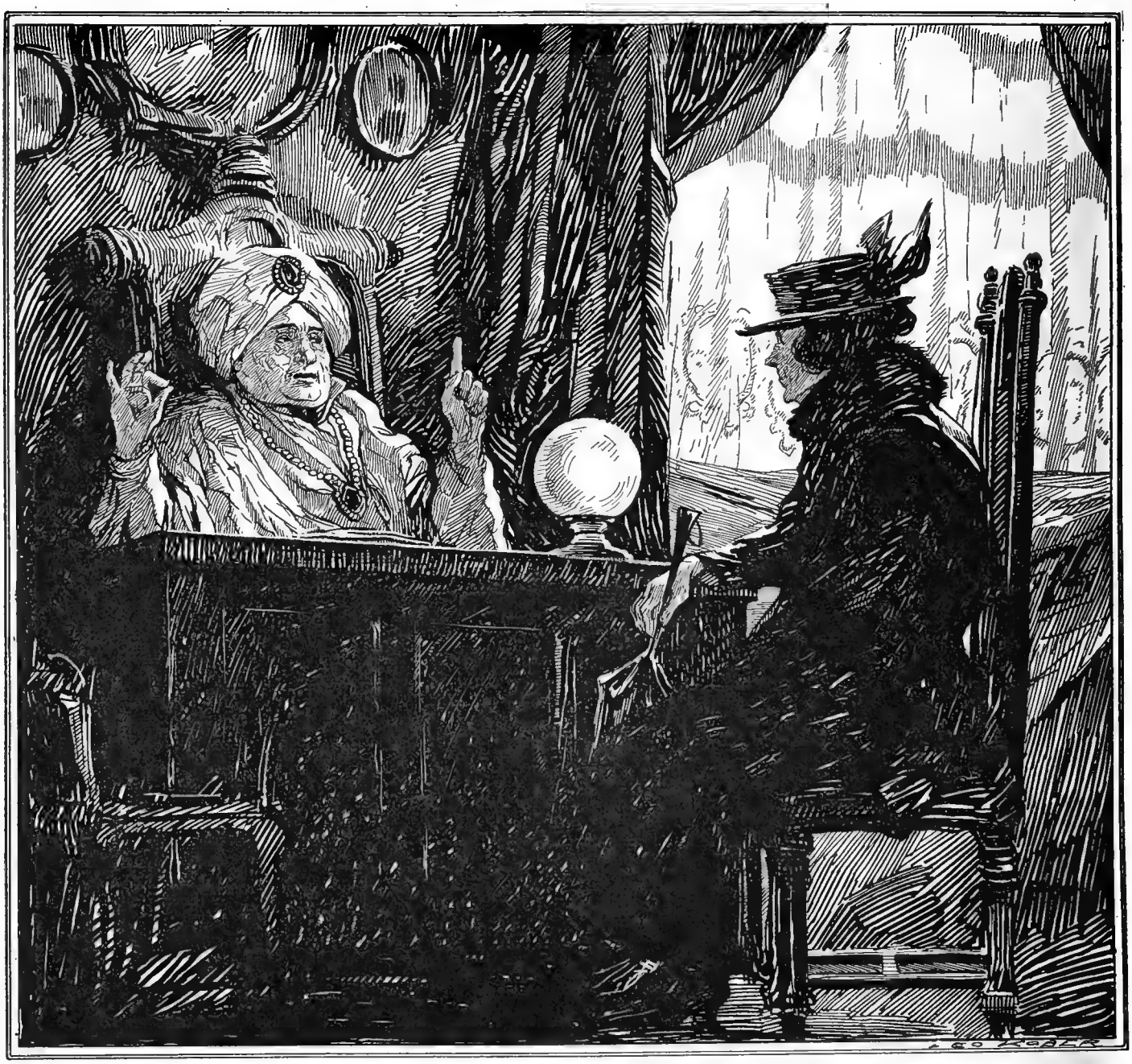

With the advice of his "spirit controls" seemingly singing in his ears, "Omna" persuaded Mrs. Langer to mortgage her $16,000 home and borrow $500 additional to invest in his gold mine.

gested that she look for the stock of the Blank Mining and Reduction Company in the newspapers, and she had found it was not even listed on the Curb, much less the Stock Exchange or the Consolidated. She had come post-haste to Omna's office and had with dismay learned of his departure.

At her solicitation I went downtown to make inquiries about this stock which I had tried so hard to buy. But in this city none knew anything about it. It was necessary to send a detective to Philadelphia, where the head office had been, in order to trace the fraud. He learned the stock had been sold there from an office in Walnut Street, but that no present trace of the company remained. It probably was a company exclusive to the clairvoyants and the soothsaying professions in general. Of gold it had as much actual substance as any of their predictions had of truth.

NOW an extra vigorous search for Omna began. We had two real charges of larceny against him and we felt sure of uncovering his hiding-place in some far state. The $10,000 he had obtained from Mrs. Langer would not last more than a few months apparently, so we expected to find him busily engaged in beguiling unsuspecting folk of some other city.

We had no success in this, however. Rather the charges against the man grew as one complainant after another appeared at his offices. I brought the weeping Mrs. Drew to the office and with the bitter Countess opposite her drew from the two of them a long story of a double deception—an old, old story of the way of a crook with a woman of wealth. From all this mass of deceit and plain theft—for Omna had kept rings and other jewelry that Mrs. Drew had intrusted to him—I gathered only one fact of value to me.

I knew, you see, that practically all of these fakers of the crystal ball and the ready-fortune were users of drugs—narcotic fiends—victims themselves of other devils more insidious than they could ever hope to be. So I questioned the two fiancees about it. Neither recalled anything except that Mrs. Drew said she once overheard Omna telephone about a hypodermic syringe and recalled

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that his salutation had been addressed to "Dr. Wolcott."

But for one circumstance I might have cudgelled my brains a long time before uncovering any important thing with which that name was associated. The circumstance was the fact that we were talking about drugs. "Drugs —Dr. Wolcott" somehow they seemed connected in my mind. And that night the words that connected them flashed in my mind. "Wolcott—McDonough Street, Brooklyn—drug raid—" that was the complete formula.

At the thought double recognition came to me—McDonough—a naval hero—a naval battle. Had not the Countess said the doctor whom Omna recommended had lived on a street named after a naval battle. A familiar trick of mentality had made her associate the name with the man's victory, not the man.

So the connection with this Doctor Wolcott was a strong one! Early the next day I was at the medico's door.

I found the complacent doctor was startled out of his smooth suavity when I asked for Wolf by his real name. To reassure this easy-going chap I told him I was a sweetheart of Omna's whom he had deserted in Chicago. Thus I won a little of the doctor's sympathy. He laughed in my face, however, when I said I had trusted the man.

"If you had been a young doll-faced fool, he would have stuck by you," he said, "but what could you expect." I swallowed the back-handed compliment with the best grace I could muster and pleaded with him to give me one more chance to talk to my departed sweetheart.

I was persuasive enough on this occasion to obtain from him a clue, for he told me he believed that Omna was in a sanitarium in Central Brooklyn. He did not know the exact location.

It was two or three weeks before I was able to find the sanitarium and in the meantime Omna had moved on. He was possessed of an itch to get away, the sanitarium doctor said. Seemed to be in fear of staying in one place. He had even kept his destination a secret. It was only after a couple of weeks of effort that we were able to find another patient who had left the sanitarium at the same time and thereby gain a clue. He told us that he felt sure Omna had gone to a sanitarium in Bushwick Avenue. A quick trip to Bushwick Avenue, but disappointment. Again Omna had moved on. Whither? There was no answer to the question.

We did, however, learn at this place that Omna's home address was in the Bronx. So a careful watch was set on the house in the Bronx without any trace of the missing man being revealed.

It was early fall when we started to search for the man who had defrauded Mrs. Langer. It was early spring before we located the house in the Bronx, and it was again fall before we found trace of Omna.

Occasional visits to the Bronx showed that he had not returned. It was only when a year had rolled by since his flight that I decided it was time for Omna to feel the magnetic pull of the big city or of his home. He would, I figured, hope that the hue and cry was over. From long experience I knew that most fugitives are apt to return to their homes on holidays, since at such times they expect police vigilance to relax. Naturaly so smart a crook as Omna would figure out that we of the pursuing forces would be celebrating the holidays ourselves and that he could return for a day or two in safety.

So I waited for Thanksgiving Day, 1914. With great hopes in my heart I took Mrs. Adele Priess with me to the little two-family house in the Bronx. I thought Omna's people might recognize me as one who had been asking about him, so I induced Mrs. Priess to go upstairs after him.

She obtained admittance to the apartment on some pretext, went clear through it and came back to me in the

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"Don't arrest me now," pleaded "Omna." I'm ill, perhaps dying, and I am broke."

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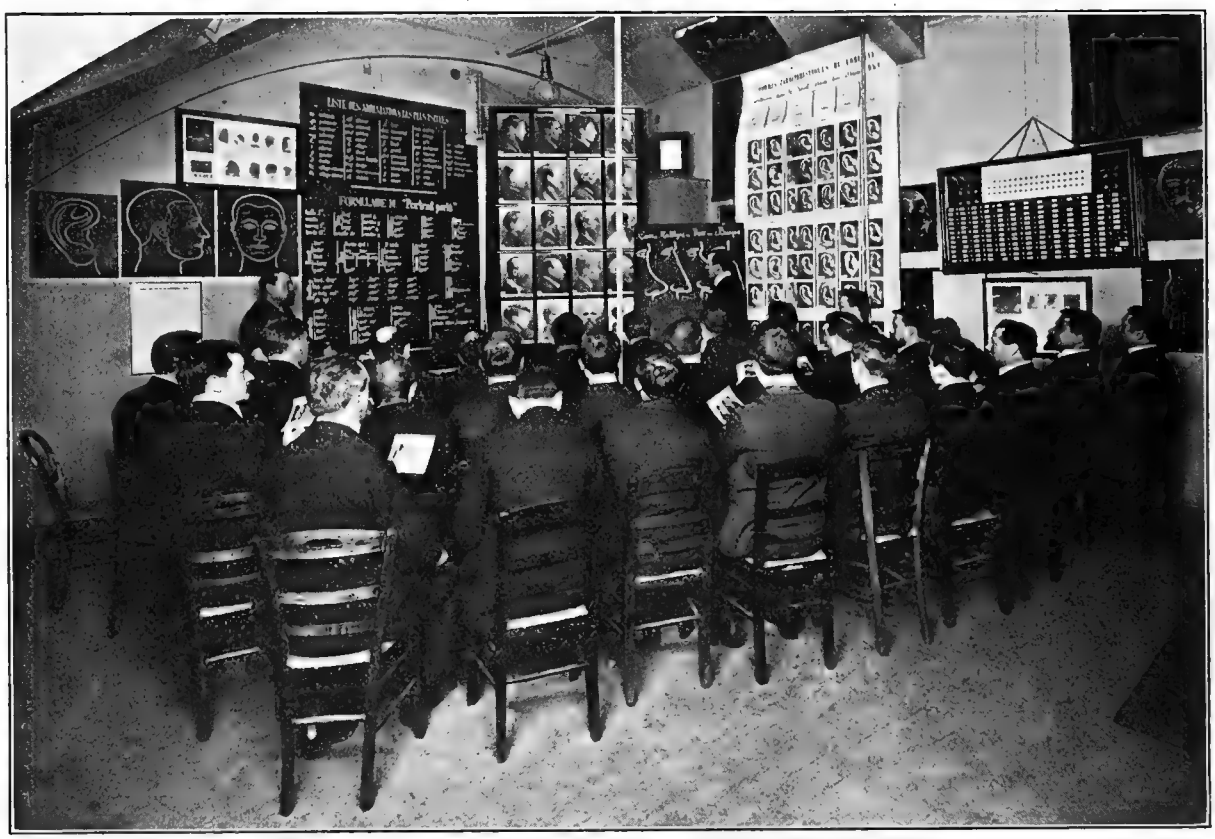

The Paris Scientific Police School, showing detectives attending a lecture on the Bertillon System and Portrait Parle (description of heads, noses, eyes, ears, etc.) with Director M. Edouard Beyle at the blackboard.

The Parisian Detective at Work

Men and Methods of the Famous Crime-Fixing Organization in the French Capital Whose Achievements Have Thrilled the World

By Acting-Captain John A. Golden *in collaboration with Lieutenant* F. C. Kruse, *Deputy Chief Inspector* Samuel G. Belton *and Former Inspector* William T. Davis *of the Foreign Police Commission, New York*

LET a mention of scientific crime-detection be made, and the hearer's thoughts will almost certainly leap to Paris, even though that hearer may himself be a detective of another race, working in another land.

Not in the least does this imply that other detective forces are comparatively lacking in efficiency; such an implication would be manifestly absurd. The statement means exactly what it says, but it means nothing more. It refers not to the degree of efficiency, but to the kind of efficiency which is the inevitable result of local conditions and temperament.

The mere spy is probably as old as the human race. We read of them in the Old Testament and know that the Lieutenants-General of Police under the Capet kings of France maintained them in swarms, but they had little or nothing in common with the detective as we know him to-day. They were much like our "stool-pigeons"; informers, that is, but nothing more.

Then the Capet dynasty came to its tragic end. France, under the directory, trying to grope its way out of the chaos that followed, was peaceful on the surface only. Beneath that surface it seethed with plots and counter-plots of royalists, republicans, what now would be called

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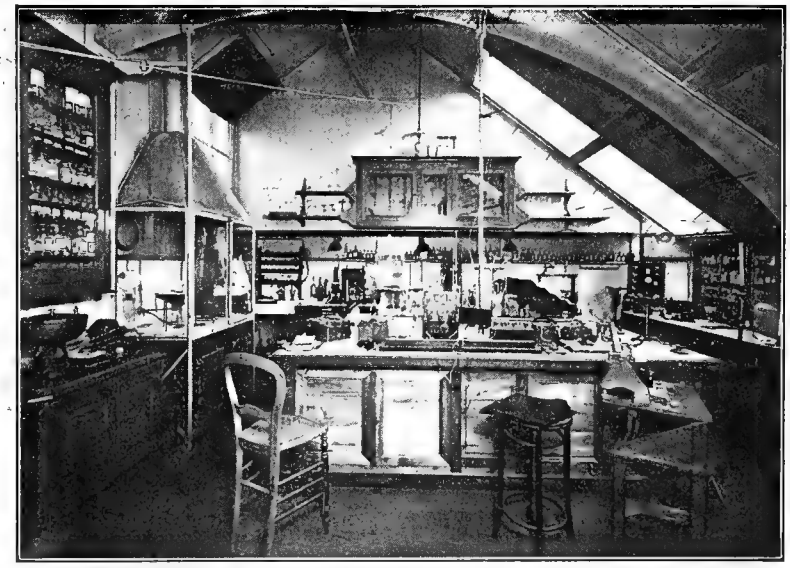
Bolsheviki and countless factions besides. Crime was rampant and practically unchecked, for the Reign of Terror's baneful influence on public morals remained strong.

Spies still had their uses, as stool-pigeons yet have; but then, as now, they were generally ignorant, untruthful, or both, and always ready, if they dared to sell out one employer to another who offered a higher price. Many of those plots, both political and criminal, on the other hand, were formed by some of the nation's most astute brains, with well-organized bands of resolute followers to back them. Governmental servants of a type far higher and more efficient than the mere spy were needed if the country was to be saved and thus, born of dire necessity, the first real detective force in all history came into being a little more than a century ago.



Interior of the Judicial Identification Service laboratory showing the elaborate paraphernalia.

Scientific procedure of any kind is along lines of logical inference drawn from facts that have been methodically classified, and it is characteristic of the French mind to insist upon following those lines and no others. Sometimes the Frenchman may rather overdo this tendency, it is true; but nevertheless, like the humble insect in the well-known limerick, "he gets there just the same."

Naturally no science of crime-detection at first existed, and therefore he set about making one without loss of time. Lacking any other method of instruction—to give an example—the authorities caused a newly-enrolled sleuth voluntarily to accept a prison sentence on a trumped-up charge in order that he might study the minds and methods of criminals at close and confidential range. This "rookie," incidentally, became the most famous detective of real life the world has ever known—Vidocq. And it was from these beginnings that the Parisian *Police Judiciare* has grown to what it is to-day.

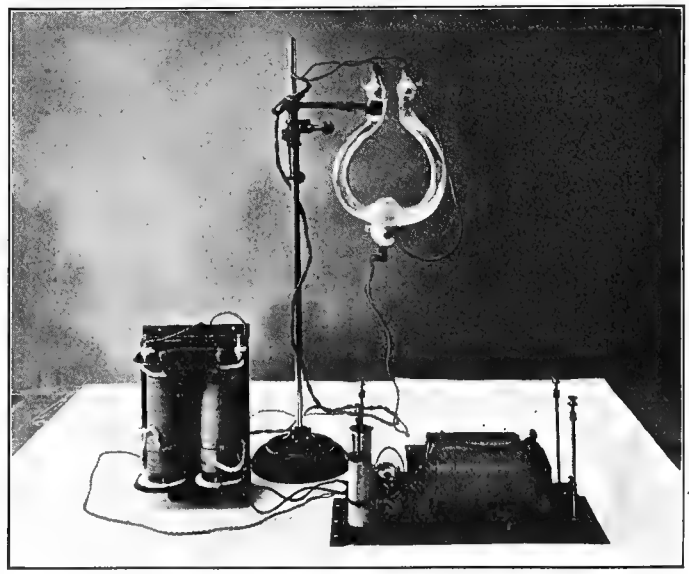
All these and many other professional facts, of course, were known to us of the New York Police Department, sent abroad to study European police methods, but they had been learned like any other facts that one is taught at school or reads in books. The reality was almost as new and strange as though the Old World was an original discovery of our own.

Heaven knows that ocean-going steamers are familiar enough sights to any New Yorker, yet even the steamer on which we traveled was strange. What with her lounges, her swimming-pool and so on, she was just a big, well-appointed hotel below decks. Above, especially when Sunday services were conducted by her skipper, with her officers in their best uniforms and all the passengers who were there, she was more like a scene in a marine melodrama than anything else we knew.

Cherbourg, when we dropped anchor there, was still more strange, beginning with the tug-like tender that took us ashore because there was no wharf, though why a wharf was lacking is something that we don't know even yet. We wouldn't have believed that there were so many beggars in all Europe as those who met us when we landed, and all of them, besides, were children, dressed so nearly alike that our untutored eyes couldn't distinguish boys from girls.

We almost expected to see the neat rows of little houses picked up and put back in their box, as we were made to replace the toy villages that we played with as kids. The train looked rather like another toy, but it didn't behave like one. It took us to Paris at a rate that wouldn't be bettered very much by the Congressional Limited.

The organization of the Paris police, as a whole, which naturally includes the detective division—*Police Judiciare*—already has been described in these pages. There is no need to repeat that description here, except to make sure that one fact remains unforgotten; namely, that the uniformed police and the detective force have no direct connection except that both are controlled by one supreme head, the Prefect.



A circular mercury lamp especially designed to photograph fingerprints on objects with a rounded surface.

In New York the Detective Division is recruited from the uniformed ranks. In Paris this is never done. It should not be understood that a man is barred from entrance to this higher branch because he wears the uniform of a *gardien de la paix*—as they call their patrolmen—for this is not the case. He has exactly the same right, and no more, that every other citizen has to apply for permission to take the necessary examinations if he chooses, but he rarely does choose. His lack of education almost always prevents him from having any chance of success.

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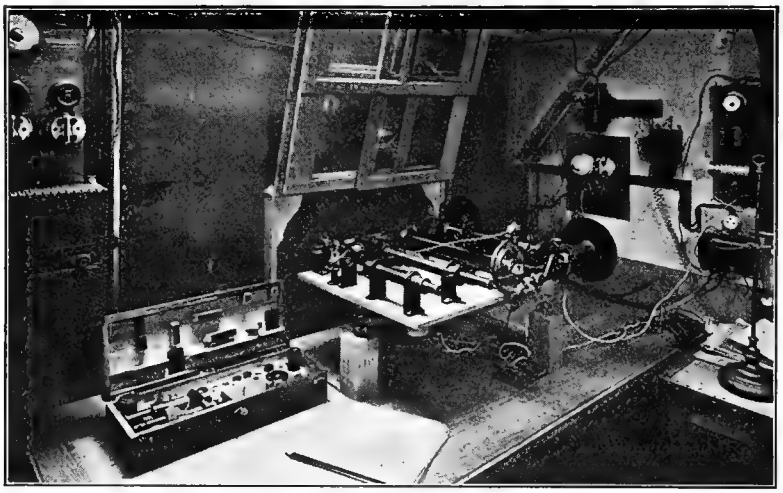
Upon our arrivel in Paris we found M. Naudin, the all-powerful Prefect of Police, to be courtesy itself. He ordered everything thrown open to our inspection, and this was promptly done; but to take advantage of the privileges thus kindly accorded was by no means so easy as it might seem to be.

None of our Committee spoke or understood a word of French, and our mother tongue was equally unknown to nearly all of those whom we met. Still, Police Commissioner Andre Forgeront, commanding the Fourth Arrondissement, spoke excellent English. That helped, and Inspector Charles Garteau, who was assigned to our party as interpreter, helped still more. Between the two, we were able to accomplish one of the most interesting tasks that it ever has been our good fortune to undertake.

From the first we were impressed by the scientific trend that was evident in everything that the Parisian detective police concerned itself with, even its routine work; their systems of record files, for example, and the atttendant card indexes. The latter are marvels of minute completeness and accuracy; marvellous also in the cross-indexing which enables any item, no matter how obscure, almost instantly to be found.

"But how about our own police records?" some indignant New Yorker is likely to ask. "Aren't they just as good? And if not, why not?"

The answers are easy. Our own huge systems of files and records of all sorts are adequate, accurate and modern. They are, in short, as good as systems for similar purposes to be found anywhere—as far as they go. But they don't go as far as those of the *Police Judiciare*. They don't pretend nor try to.



The Spectophotometer designed to ascertain the dimensions of minute quantities of colored liquids and solids.

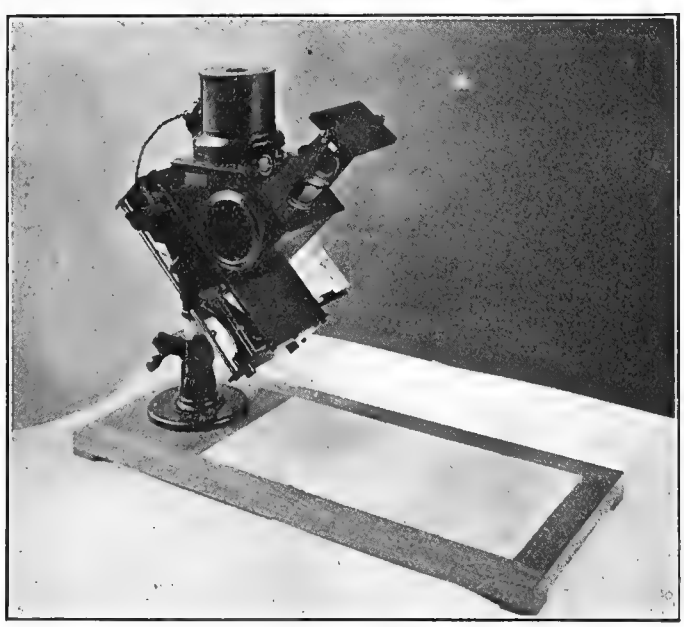
PARIS proper contained, when the latest census was taken, 2,888,110 residents; and a record of every man, woman and child—name, age, residence, occupation, reputation and many other details—is maintained and kept strictly up to current date by the Judiciary Police. The city has a foreign and floating population of about 425,000, concerning whom additional items of information are listed and verified almost hour by hour; where they come from, how long, where and why they stay, where they are going, and so on. Then, every hotel, lodging-house and *pension*—which is remotely similar to but usually very much better than a New York boarding house—is licensed and minute records are kept of all that goes on within their walls.

The foregoing, it should be remembered, refers only to Paris itself. But the activities of the detectives extend also to its environs—the entire Department of the Seine—and on occasions can and do extend throughout the length and breadth of France. Here is an extremely elaborate system, and some job!

We make no attempt to keep records like those, nor are we likely to do so. There are several reasons why, and all of them are good ones. The magnitude of such a task, were we to undertake it, would be out of all proportion to our greater size; the ratio of our floating population is larger, and our permanent residents are eternally flitting from one domicile to another. We have, moreover, no real occasion for such an undertaking; we achieve the same results by other means that are better adapted to our requirements.

Other cities have somewhat similar systems, more or less modified to suit their individual needs. But that of Paris was the first one, is still the largest, and, in our opinion at least, the best of its sort. It naturally is not infallible; no man-made device ever was or ever can be that. Nevertheless, as a means of preventing a criminal from concealing himself, or of tracing missing persons, it certainly is worthy of all praise.

The last notable instance that brought the Parisian police system into direct contact with that of New York—the Shattuck case—is still recent and remarkable enough to be remembered, but the American public memory is so short that it may be as well to call to mind some of its outstanding features. To give all the details would require half a dozen articles as long as this one.



A glorified magic-lantern, known as the Epidactyloscope, which projects a clear image of fingerprints on the baseboard and enlarges them six diameters.

On the evening of April 22nd, 1922, Mr. Albert R. Shattuck was in his home on West Washington Square, New York, with a party of relatives and friends, when the house was entered by a gang of criminals. Taken utterly by surprise, and therefore unable to offer resistance or give an alarm, the party was held-up at the points of pistols, driven downstairs, and locked in a wine cellar.

Now, wine was valuable in pre-prohibition days, and wine cellars were made correspondingly se-

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cure. This one was very nearly air-tight, and the conditions soon began to approximate those of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta. Just before the lack of oxygen brought the prisoners in that cellar to a state of insensibility, they managed, by diligent use of a penknife and the edge of a ten-cent piece, to unscrew the lock and liberate themselves.

This, however, had taken time, which had given the thieves ample opportunity to ransack the house. From members of the party, whom they had robbed before imprisoning, and what they subsequently gathered, they secured money and jewelry worth over one hundred thousand dollars.

Two of the gang were arrested almost immediately by our own police; and that was *that*. They got forty years apiece, which will afford them ample time in which to reflect upon the well-known maxim to be found in the thirteenth chapter of Proverbs, fifteenth verse, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

The robbery, we had learned, was committed by a gang of international thieves which resembled the gangs portrayed in lurid magazine stories far more closely than the real criminal usually resembles those to be found in fiction. But there is one point in which fact and fiction invariably do agree: every gang of criminals, like any other enterprise, must have a leader. The leader in this case was one Gabriel Morey, a Frenchman, who had been employed by the Shattucks as a butler.

He, with the others, escaped; and though every police force in the United States was on the alert, this was merely a precautionary measure. It was upon the police of Paris that our hopes of success were chiefly placed, and those hopes were assuredly justified.

DETECTIVE DIVISION
CIRCULAR No. 10
DECEMBER 4, 1923

POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF NEW YORK

CLASSIFICATION

Police and Prison Authorities are Requested to Classify the Finger Prints that Appear on this Circular and File them with Their Finger Print Records, Comparing them with the Prints of Persons Arrested and Prisoners Received at their Institutions.

$2,500.00 REWARD
WANTED FOR ASSAULT AND ROBBERY

PAUL CAMILLERI, aliases LOUIS HIPPOLYTE, MARCELLIN BOUTEUIL, PETIT FRANCOIS, or PETIT SCHOA, and "THE JOCKEY"

RIGHT HAND

LEFT HAND

DESCRIPTION—Age, 32 years; height, 5 feet, 2 inches; weight, 120 pounds; black eyes; dark chestnut hair; light chestnut beard; thin face; nose pointed and slightly deformed. Speaks French, Italian and Spanish. May be employed as waiter or butler.

On April 2, 1922, the above-named while acting in concert with others (three of whom have been arrested), entered the home of Mr. Albert R. Shattuck, this City, and stole from premises a quantity of jewelry, a description of which will be found on the back of this circular.

If located, arrest, hold and wire Detective Division, Police Headquarters, New York City, and officer with necessary papers will be sent for him.

JOHN A. LEACH,
Acting Police Commissioner.

Telephone 3100 Spring

(over)

One of the New York Police Department's circulars sent broadcast at the time of the famous robbery of the home of Albert R. Shattuck, Esq. This circular led to the arrest by Paris detectives of Paul Camilleri, one of the participants in the crime.

UPON receipt of our cablegram the whole vast and complicated but smoothly-working machinery of the French police system was put in motion. First there were the uniformed forces of Paris, of its suburbs, of the communes, of every separate municipality in France, and of all her distant colonies; also the members of the Gendarmerie, keeping their quiet, efficient watch to aid the others or to act by themselves as occasion might require, for the gendarme is to be found wherever the tricolor flies.

There was little chance that any of these would be able by themselves to capture the fugitives, and they were not expected to. It was certain, however, that their constant watchfulness would compel those fugitives to lie very close and to move, if they moved at all, with the utmost caution, thus making it easier for the *Police Judiciare* to mark down their men; and this is what was desired.

The rest, if the two criminals were on French soil, was merely a matter of time. Within an hour their life-histories, furnished by those wonderful records, had been flashed to every French police station in the world. Prominent among the important items of those histories were lists of their former haunts, and upon these haunts special watches were set.

Already it has been explained that the Judiciary Police has no direct connection with the uniformed force, but nevertheless a certain number of them, for purposes of convenience, are assigned to duty in the station-houses very much after the fashion of our precinct detectives. It is these men who attend to all the ordinary work that arises in their districts, but if a case is likely to prove itself beyond their ability one or more members of the Special Brigade—a hand-picked lot of specialists—are sent to assist them.

This was done in the cases of those two men. Never,

(*Continued on page* 56)

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The "Care-Taker"

By Robert Shirley

Illustrated by Beaumont Fairbank

At the squalid corner stood a white-faced woman with a dark shawl wrapped close about her head. She stood with her back against the wall within six inches of a small square window through which came the humid smell of cheap tobacco, and the cracked notes of a tin-pan piano. Her face was strained and anxious. Suddenly she gasped and caught the shawl to her breast spasmodically, and thrust her other hand against the wall as if to support her.

"Ah, dear God!" she breathed and closed her eyes.

From the side entrance came three men; two rough-hewn, short haired; the third more of the prosperous mechanic type. His face was flushed and he swaggered as he walked. At sight of him the woman cried out and ran forward. She caught him by the coat and looked anxiously up in his face.

"Jim!" she cried. "Jim, come home with me!"

He gazed down at her stupidly for a moment, and the others laughed.

"Hello," he muttered. "What d'ye want, Nance?"

"Jim!" she cried again, shaking him. "Jim! Don't go! Ye can't, Jim! It's murder! I heard ye—out here! He's an old man——"

One of the others stepped forward quickly and caught her by the shoulders.

"Shut up!" he said fiercely, and with the words the man addressed as Jim seemed to wake. He shook off the woman's clutch and pushed her back.

"Get home!" he commanded savagely. "This ain't your business. This is man's work. Let be!" With an oath he shoved her backward and strode by her. The other two laughed and followed, the one who had caught her pausing an instant to leer into her face. Then he followed on, and she fell against the grimy wall and burst into a storm of sobbing.

* * * * * * * *

The sun rose lazily in a red mist and the woman at the tenement window peered out at it with heavy-lidded, dull eyes that spoke eloquently of a sleepless night. The dingy, narrow street was beginning to waken as the bright beams filtered into its deep recesses. The woman leaned out over the crumbling sill and in the light her face, though still young in contour, showed dull and haggard. Far down the way a rattle-trap milk wagon clattered noisily over the worn cobbles with a banging of battered tin cans. Opposite, the fire-escapes were filled with uneasy figures sprawled upon dingy bedding, just waking to the call of toil. Upon the faintly stirring neighborhood broke the measured tread of a policeman, and at the sound the woman drew back and watched him anxiously, almost breathlessly, until he had passed the house. Then with a word of thankfulness she sank back in the broken chair and covered her eyes with one seamed hand. In her lap was a worn book. This she clutched tensely with toil-torn fingers. The lamp was burning palely upon the shabby dresser beside her, and as it began to flicker uncertainly she reached up and turned it out, watching the thin wisp of blue smoke that spun upward from the cracked chimney.

"Take care o' him," she prayed. "Ah, take care o' him!"

FROM far down the street sounded a cry that struck sharply upon her ear. With a quick gasp of the breath she leaned forward and listened with strained attention until the cry's queer cadence was repeated. It rose and fell stridently, and for the moment she could distinguish no word of it. Coming nearer quickly it resolved itself into a newsboy's call. With a sense of dull shock she caught at one word.

"All about th' murder!" rose the shrill announcement, and she shrank back as if she had been struck in the face.

"Murder!" She repeated the word in a horrified whisper, and stared unseeing as the vendor sped on his way and the voice rose and fell again. There came a rattling of wooden shutters from across the way, and she was conscious that the fat baker opposite was opening his shop for the day. She watched him mop his forehead and bend over with portly difficulty to pick up the paper the boy had thrown upon his step. For a moment he gazed up and down the street and yawned widely. Then his eye caught something in the damp sheet in his hand and he reached obviously for his spectacles. Not finding them he hurried within the shop. The woman clutched weakly at her breast.

"It's there!" she cried to herself. "They done it!" and putting her head down upon the sill she broke out into spasmodic weeping.

"My—good—God! It didn't work! It didn't work!" she moaned.

There was a clatter of hurried footsteps on the stairs outside followed instantly by an insistent rattling of the door knob. The woman did not move, and the rattling was repeated. She looked up dully, almost uncomprehendingly, but made no movement toward the door. Several quick blows were struck at the panelling, and the rattling was repeated violently.

"Mrs. Bentley! Mrs. Bentley! Hey, wake up!" a high-pitched voice called in a tense whisper.

The words seemed to galvanize the woman into life, and she stood up shakily and then, supporting herself against the wall, walked forward to the door. Turning the key in the lock she threw it open. A slatternly girl of seventeen or so, half dressed, and with a dingy shawl about her thin shoulders, thrust herself into the room and closed the door behind her. A vague terror was in her eyes and she caught the woman by the arms.

"Where's Jim?" she gasped in a strained whisper. "Quick, tell me! Is he here?"

The woman threw out her thin hand in mute protest against what the words implied.

"Then he did——" she choked and more refused to come.

The girl nodded vehemently.

"It's in th' paper!" she answered. "I just seen it!

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"Gimme that money!" he roared with an oath. "Gimme it or I'll choke the life outeh ye!"

They got it strung acrost th' top — MURDER!"

The woman shrank back with a moan of anguish.

"No! No!" she murmured.

"Th' cops is lookin' fer Jim, it says," the girl went on swiftly. "They got Pete an' McNally. Caught 'em with th' goods, they say, but Jim, he got away somehow. They're after him now!"

A faint gleam of hope sprang into the woman's breast.

"Maybe he didn't——" she began, but the girl interrupted her with a pitying laugh.

"No chance," she replied. "The others has confessed, th' cops says. Swore he was with 'em an' fired th' shot that croaked Cooper."

"No! Aw, God, no!" the woman cried in agony.

"They say 'twas him rung th' bell, an' when Cooper come to th' door, plugged him. Th' dirty dogs!" There was a world of scorn—the scorn of the gangster who would die with a close mouth rather than tell—in her words. The other woman staggered back against the wall and threw a tattered arm across her face. For the moment she was stunned.

"What'll we do! What'll we do?" she moaned. "There's little Jim an' Molly——"

The girl glanced keenly at her, then swiftly turned the key in the lock. Clutching the thin shoulder she shook it roughly.

"Can that stuff," she said swiftly. "You've got to do somethin' now! If he comes here they'll nab him sure, an' he'll sure come! They always do!"

The woman turned away her head and burst into a storm of sobbing. Her world had slipped away, was crumbling to its foundations.

"What did he want t' do it fer?" she cried, beating on the grimy wall to which she had turned her face. "We'd have pulled through somehow! He might have knowed he'd git caught! His kind always do. They don't git away with nothin' like that!"

The girl pulled at her impatiently.

"You look-a-here, Nancy Bentley!" she said vigorously. "This ain't no time to be talkin' o' what oughter have been done. You got to be fixin' about gettin' him away! Why, he'll git th' chair fer this, if they catch him!"

The one word seemed to startle the woman into action, for she stood up suddenly, a faint fleck of color staining her cheek.

"You're right!" she cried. "What's past is done with.

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It's now, an' what's to come that I've got to look after. Th' *kids*—his kids, Mamie!"

She turned swiftly and picking up the tattered book that had dropped from her lap when she arose, she clutched it to her breast. The ragged girl watched her curiously.

"Yah! Goin' to pray about it?" she demanded with contempt in her hard voice. "If ye are, I can tell ye it ain't no use. I've tried it, an' it don't work. They ain't nothin'——"

She burst out into a fit of coughing and laid her hand upon her chest. The woman looked at her squarely in the eyes.

"There's only one place fer help fer me—an' him," she said. "All night I've been askin'——"

The girl began to laugh at her frankly.

She stoppped suddenly and turned to listen to quick steps mounting the stair. She raised her hand.

"Maybe it's them now," she whispered, and a quick knock resounded on the door. Nancy Bentley turned quietly toward it and the girl put out her hand.

"What're ye goin' to do?" she demanded in a whisper.

"Let 'em in," was the answer, and the door swung open to disclose the slight figure of Herbert Carruthers, the young minister from the church a block or two away. He came forward quickly and held out his hand to the woman.

"I'VE just heard of it, Mrs. Bentley," he said with feeling, "and I came around at once. I sympathize deeply with you, and if there is anything I can do——"

She shook her head slowly.

"Thank you, sir," she answered quietly. "I don't see what, unless you can git 'em to believe Jim didn't do it. You know he ain't that kind, an' maybe if you was to say that you knowed he——"

He drew back with a slight gesture of dismay.

"I'm—I'm afraid any testimony of mine would only—you know how often I have warned—why, Mrs. Bentley, the other two men say he actually fired the shot!"

She looked at him intently with the ghost of a smile about her mouth.

"Yes, that's what *they* say," she answered, "but I ain't heard what Jim says about it, an' his word's as good as their's, both of 'em."

He looked from her to the girl who had gone to the window and now stood with her back to the room.

"Is—is there anything else you think I might do?" he asked, and she looked intently up into his face. There was a touch of wonderment there, a question.

"Do you believe in prayin'?" she asked slowly, and he stared at her in mute astonishment. Finally he found his voice.

"Believe in——" he began. "My dear Mrs. Bentley, I'm a clergyman!" Then, as an after thought, "That's a queer question!"

She looked away from him and the line deepened between her tired eyes. Then she nodded her head slowly.

"Yes, ain't it?" she said at last, "but you didn't answer it. S'pose you was needin' something th' worst way—as big as life itself, an' was to pray fer it all you knowed, d'ye b'lieve ye'd git it?"

He stared at her as if he questioned her sanity, then threw up his head firmly.

"I most certainly do," he answered, "that is if it was a right and proper thing for me to have. If my Father believed it was best for me——"

She nodded her head vigorously and lifted her hand.

"Ah, that's it!" she said, and there seemed to be just a touch of irony in the tones. "'Ask an' ye shall receive'—if it's good fer ye. Ye'll git it—maybe. That's what ye mean, ain't it?"

Mr. Carruthers cleared his throat uneasily. He had already found more than a little difficulty in finding ready answers to the elemental theology of the people hereabouts. He had frequently found it hard to explain that very question of the efficacy of prayer when confronted with the simple statement that it had been tried and "wouldn't work." Now he fell back upon an argument that had invariably failed to satisfy.

"We have no right to criticise the infinite wisdom——" he began, when she interrupted him.

"I've bin askin' fer things—simple things that was right—all my life," she said. "I never asked for nothin' out o' th' way, but I never got nothin'—that way, sir."

"Some of the things we ask for are not best for us to have," the young minister interposed quickly.

"I asked to have a baby's little life spared oncet, but I seen it die a-screamin'," she said hoarsely. He put up his hand.

"We must keep on, praying, knowing that hereafter we shall receive our reward," he said ponderously.

"Yes," she flashed. "Ye believe a thing, an' ye talk it, but ye don't mean it fer now, do ye, an' ye don't never explain *that* part of it. Hereafter, ye say, but it ain't never *now*, when it's bitter needed. Ah, don't it never strike ye that there's somethin' missin' somewhere? I don't know how, but you an' your like, they ought to know. There's times when I've heard ye say things like that awhile back about the hereafter that I've wondered what kind of a—deity ye believe in."

Mr. Carruthers put up a protesting hand.

"He is an ever present help, Mrs. Bentley, and He has a knowledge of our every need——"

"Well, I'm waitin'," she interposed grimly.

"We may not deserve. You know the Book says he afflicts us for our good."

"You don't flatter Him none, do ye?" she asked queerly, and then broke into a hard laugh. "Maybe you don't know Him at all. I've heard about Him different lately. A Friend; but you've bin tellin' me about Somethin' Else that seems too busy like to harken to th' likes o' me. I'm needin' help, an' you tell me that if I deserve it, or maybe if we ain't guessed wrong——"

Mr. Carruthers face was pale and his eyes were blazing.

"This blasphemy will not go unpunished!" he declared solemnly. "Have a care lest you be struck in the midst of your impiety!"

She went close to him and laid a hand upon his upraised arm.

"Ye must believe what ye say," she said wonderingly, "but how? Blasphemous, ye call me. That's queer, now. 'Our Father,' ye've said many a time, an' then you're afraid of Him. But I ain't afraid of Him. You think maybe'll ye'll git an answer—if ye deserve it. I'm goin' to *know* I'll git it because—I believe. 'Maybe ye'll git yer reward hereafter,' ye said a bit ago. Sir, I'm thinkin' there's where th' trouble is; that's why there ain't more trustin' in His word. It's puttin' things too fur off—so fur off they don't seem real, somehow. Them that suffers has to wait until after they're dead, no matter how hard they're tryin', an' there's crooks has everything—don't ye see, sir, that when folks, common folks, thinks that out fer themselves they kind o' loses interest?"

"I must refuse to listen to such——" he began, but she broke in again.

"I know. Blasphemy," she went on. "It does sound awful like I say it, but I don't mean it so. It's just th'

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way I'm thinkin' it out, an' I can't tell it like it ought to be said because I ain't got th' words like. They've begun to talk to me, different, some folks has. They ain't skeered o' Him. They ain't afraid He'll do nothin' to them. There's them as calls it new-fangled because there ain't no hell, but it ain't, sir. No, it ain't. It's older than th' world is. It was th' beginnin' when th' Word was. Why, it's just Love an' true things, an' knowin' what's promised is fer *now* an' always. 'Fear Him,' you said to me many a time. How *kin* ye love somethin' ye're afeard of? It ain't human, now is it?"

She gazed at him anxiously with a crooked, twisted smile, but he stepped back with drawn features.

"I came to render what comfort I could," he said thickly. "I had not expected to find such—heresy! I——" he turned and with a hopeless gesture hurried from the room. As his retreating footsteps echoed on the stair Mamie came forward and clutched the other woman's wrist.

"Gee!" she exclaimed. "That fixed him. Well, I always knowed they was bluffin'."

"Hush!" cried Nancy with a swift gesture. "Don't say nothin' like that! "They're on th' level more'n you know what that means. Why, if it wasn't fer them there'd be more tears an' sorrow in th' world than us poor folk could put up with. No one'll never reckon th' peace they bring, nor th' comfort they spread." She paused and frowned. "Somehow, though, it seems like they lost a part o' it. He said 'An' these signs shall foller them that believe,' but they don't foller, somehow, Mamie, an' ministers an' them act like they don't believe He meant it. But He did, and for now, an' some day they'll find it out."

The girl looked at her curiously.

"Are ye through with it?" she asked.

"Through?" echoed Nancy. "Why, girl, I'm just startin.' Fer a bit I was slippin', but I'm strong now, an' I just can't weaken. I sat here all night prayin' an' askin' Him, an' I aint's goin' to take th' word o' Pete Snyder an' McNally again' His'n. Why, they're crooks, an' crooks never had no repitation fer truth tellin'."

HER eyes were flashing now with a new light, and the grey and hopeless look had faded out. Nancy went on with uplifted face.

"I ain't goin' to quit. It's th' biggest thing that's ever come to me—or you either, Mamie, if you'd only sense it. An' it's true. I kin feel it here in my heart. Things is comin' right, somehow an' now. I know that. An' even if they catch my Jim, aye, an' sit him in th' chair, I can't quit; not 'till everything's done, an'—maybe not then, neither."

The slattern girl looked at her admiringly, and gathered her shabby shawl about the thin shoulders.

"You got yer nerve," she said, "an' I guess ye'll stick. Ye're that kind, an' anyway, it's a good thing th' fresh air folks has th' kids. If anything goes wrong—mind ye, I ain't sayin' as it will—they'll be took care of."

The girl went out and Nancy remained in the centre of the floor staring upward. She smiled her crooked smile.

"There was th' picter," she murmured. "An' under it was th' words, 'Ye shall know th' truth, an' th' truth shall make ye free.' It's goin' to make me—an' Jim free, th' truth——"

A puzzled frown came upon her face, and down across the ages came Pilate's query; the query of two thousand years ago; the wonderment that has assailed men since the dawn of thought.

"The truth——" she muttered. "I wonder what makes a thing—true, an' somethin' else different."

This thought occupied her for some moments, and then again fell the crooked smile that lifted the heavy features and touched them with the new-found knowledge. She whispered:

"It's true because its—good an'—*real!*"

The great Roman governor had not thought of that simple answer in the day when it was given him to face the Living Truth—and turn from it. In a single flash she grasped the fact and clung to it. It was a true thing because it was a real and an eternal thing. Reality was the standard of truth.

"There ain't no harm can come to me, nor mine," she whispered, and a flush dyed her face. "He never made nothin' but what was good, an' real an' true, an' I ain't afraid. No, I ain't afraid!"

A staggering step sounded outside and the door burst open with the impact of a heavy body. Into the room stumbled a rough, blear-eyed loafer, cursing and snatching at her. She drew back swiftly as he came within the room and clutched at the table to steady himself, leering evilly at her.

"Say, I want—money," he muttered thickly. "See? Money." And wagged an unsteady finger at her. She drew back against the wall away from him.

"I ain't got any—fer you," she answered.

"Is that so?" he returned savagely. "Well, it ain't fer nobody but me; un'erstan'? Jim ain't goin' ter want it. Th' cop's is takin' care o' him, an' money ain't no good fer wimmin. Hand it over, d'ye hear?"

He lurched forward unsteadily to snatch her, but she moved out of his reach.

"Have they got him?" she gasped with a catch of her breath.

"Gimme that money!" he roared with an oath. "Gimme it or I'll choke th' life outeh ye!"

He caught her by the arm as she tried to slip past him and threw her violently against the wall, then seized her by the shoulder, and shook her.

"Le' me be!" she cried as he caught her by the throat and choked the words back. And she gasped another word or two.

"I'm—not—afraid. He's—here—He'll—help!"

The man released his cluth instantly and regarded her suspiciously.

"What's that?" he growled, and as she closed her eyes he leaped forward and tore savagely at her dress where her hands had flown. The door crashed open suddenly and two men tore him roughly from her, bent him backward over the table and snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. Then they jerked him to his feet and looked at him.

"Hell, it ain't him!" cried one of them disgustedly, and pushed the captive into a chair, where he broke into maudlin tears. "Tim Martin, an' soaked to th' eyebrows!"

Nancy felt her throat with her hand and regarded the visitors curiously.

"Thanks," she said simply.

"That's all right," replied the man who seemed to be in command. "Where's Jim?"

She looked at them with a new understanding, and her heart beat a trifle faster. These were police.

"He went out last night," she replied, "early, an' I ain't seen him since."

"Sure?" asked the detective, eyeing her keenly.

"Yes, sir," she answered, meeting his gaze frankly.

(*Continued on page* 62)

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It is not generally known that Sir Thomas Lipton is an Honorary Deputy Chief of Police of New York City, but it is a fact which he is proud to proclaim to the world.

"In general intelligence and capacity I am sure the police of New York cannot be surpassed by any other in the world. They are in a class by themselves."

Why I Like Policemen

A Symposium by Noted Personages

As a Member of the New York Police Force I Recognize Its Great Work

By Sir Thomas Lipton

IT is with the greatest possible pleasure that I take this opportunity of expressing my opinion that the standard of physique, efficiency, character and conduct, at present existing in the Police Force of New York, is higher than it has ever been previously. It has been my good fortune to come into personal contact with a great many members of the Force, mostly, I am happy to state, in their non-official capacity. I have also watched with interest their performance of their duties, and I have the utmost admiration for their wonderful tact and patience—exercised frequently under most trying conditions—as also their general intelligence and capacity, which I am sure cannot be surpassed by any other Police Force in the world.

I make this statement in all modesty, as while I am proud of the fact that I am privileged to style myself an Honorary Chief of Police of the City of New York, that office entails no responsibilities and therefore I cannot personally claim any credit whatever for the high pitch of excellence to which the present-day Force has attained. That credit in my opinion is almost entirely due to my good friend Commissioner Enright, whose exceptional organizing ability and great experience are well known and widely recognized on both sides of the Atlantic, and to his very capable and efficient band of Deputies, Assistants and Lieutenants.

I have been fortunate enough to be present several times at the Field Games of the New York Police and have seen for myself the splendid prowess of its members in all athletic contests. Their feats of skill, strength and endurance were quite a revelation to me and reflect the highest credit on the organization. I am glad to know too that these games, in addition to maintaining the interest in athletics, also serve the very useful and laudable purpose of providing funds from which contributions can be made to the dependents of those members of the Force who may have been incapacitated or killed in the execution of their duty.

The policemen of New York and London are, I consider, in a class by themselves. I do not think I would care to make a comparison between them. Both are the friends of the people and it is to me a pleasing and delightful sight to see the care and consideration which the "Cop" or the "Bobby" gives to the safety of the aged and infirm, or the little children, and also the trouble they take to guide or advise those

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Mr. De Mille is, perhaps, the outstanding figure in the production of motion pictures in this country. To his genius we owe a long line of masterpieces culminating in "The Ten Commandments."

"In Hollywood there is not a day passes when we do not have to call upon the county or city officers for aid in the protection of our people and property during the taking of outside scenes."

who may be strangers and in need of direction or advice.

In a word, the present-day police officer is an all-round good chap, whether you meet him on Broadway or in the Strand, and I am proud to be one of the great brotherhood.

THOMAS J. LIPTON

The Biltmore,
New York City.

What Motion Picture Makers Owe to the Police Officer

By Cecil B. De Mille

Director-general of Paramount Pictures

IF suddenly all police officers were wiped out of existence I'm afraid you'd find our photoplays of the future somewhat lacking in zest and savor.

The police officer is essentially dramatic. He is at all times the center of strongly dramatic situations. In the pursuit and apprehension of crime, in the swift chase of a mounted officer after a beautiful girl menaced by a runaway horse, in the solution of mysteries and the removal of guilt from the shoulders of an innocent hero and heroine, in all of these and many more matters of similar import the police officer bulks large in the weaving together of entertaining screen stories.

I doubt if one person out of a thousand ever stops to think how essential police officers are in the working out of gripping, thrilling incident. The sight of a uniform in a motion picture is so common as to be taken as a matter of course. However, I am perfectly safe in saying that ninety per cent of our plays present a police officer at some time or other during their composition. Police officers are almost as necessary an ingredient of photoplay making as the film itself.

And what splendid scenes have been made possible only because of the police uniform and what it stands for! Of all the incidents I have screened during twelve years in pictures, I count as a special dramatic gem the death of the motorcycle officer in "Manslaughter," killed in an attempt to apprehend a speeder. The scene between the officer, played by Jack Mower and his wife, Julia Faye, was my personal contribution to the sum total of gratitude which all America owes to the uniformed man who holds "duty" paramount even above life.

In the above I have beeen treating of the importance of the police officer as a motion picture symbol of dramatic authority. Now I want to speak for a moment on the value of the officer in his place as a protector of life and property and a promoter of productive efficiency.

Making motion pictures is a complicated and novel process. In the studio we can control the matter of curiosity. On "location" we cannot. We have to make scenes under conditions which confront no other kind of "manufacturing." Take the incidents filmed in "The Ten Commandments" at San Francisco. Without Chief O'Brien's large detail of officers we would have been overwhelmed by a crowd of some ten thousand and forced to abandon the vitally important scenes concerned with the collapsing church. In Hollywood there is not a day passes when we do not have to call upon the

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Generally acknowledged the first of American novelists of today, Booth Tarkington has passed through a variety of experiences apart from literature—his own State Legislature, for example.

With characteristic humor Mr. Tarkington tells below just why he believes in police pensions, due to an untoward incident in his career in which a pair of dress trousers figured.

county or city officers for aid in the protection of our people and property during the taking of outside scenes.

For the guarding of our property and people under ordinary conditions we have our own private police force of forty ex-police officers, headed by W. C. Bryant, former lieutenant of Dallas, Texas police. Among his chief assistants are Edward Carpenter, retired lieutenant of Los Angeles police; E. R. Davis, formerly of the Houston force, and A. H. Dahline and W. B. Kyle, respectively former captain and sergeant of Denver police. Mr. Bryant's men are responsible for the hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of perishable and valuable properties which go through our hands each year. While the force is a private one, it is made up in entirety of men with actual public police experience.

For years a resident of the City or New York, I became an admirer of police efficiency through seeing much of the riot and fire work of the metropolitan force. As a resident of Hollywood and a worker in films I can sympathize with the great majority of honest officers who find their profession placed in disrepute by a small and unrepresentative minority. That sort of thing has happened so frequently with us that I can say with special sincerity that filmdom knows the true worth of the average officer and appreciates to the full the protection he gives, the bulwark he sets up against the forces of disorder.

It is always a pleasure for me to portray with accuracy the American police officer. If, in one of my plays, I can emphasize through the character of a police officer the incalculable services rendered by the accepted system of civil protection, I feel that I have done something for the general and mutual benefit of our entire body politic.

CECIL B. DE MILLE

Hollywood, California

Why I Believe in Police Pensions

By Booth Tarkington

MANY years ago, when I was a member of the Indiana State Legislature, I helped to pass a bill for pensions for policemen. The following year I had a pair of dress trousers stolen from my room in a hotel. The police were called by the hotel manager and recovered the trousers in just twenty minutes.

I've believed in police pensions ever since.

BOOTH TARKINGTON

Kennebunkport, Me.

My Police Contacts Have Always Been Pleasant Ones

By George Horace Lorimer

I AM one of those happy individuals whose contact with the police up to this time has been confined to a pleasant bowing acquaintance with some of the members of the force. Personally I have never been discourteously treated by or had any unpleasant contacts with any members of the force.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

Editorial Rooms,
The Saturday Evening Post.

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The River of Circumstance

By Henry P. Oswald

Acting-Detective-Sergeant, Homicide Squad, Police Department, New York City

Is there any such thing as chance? Humanity has been compared to chips afloat in the River of Circumstance as it rushes down the slopes of Time. Men and women are tossed hither and yon, meet or are whirled apart, at the dictates of its rapids and cross-currents. But sometimes I am forced toward the belief that there is no chance in all this. That it is governed by some law that is far too intricate for us to grasp.

I can't argue in defence of my theory, however. Argument isn't my trade; I'm a policeman. So the best I can do is to set down one of the many series of experiences which seems to confirm that theory, and let the facts speak for themselves.

They began in 1916 with what might be called an eddy of that allegorical river in which some of those human chips were wont to gather. This "eddy" was a small grocery on East 11th Street, headquarters for a gang of Italians supposed to have committed several murders that I was investigating. When they drifted away from this eddy we—the other detectives and I—would float inconspicuously in their wakes. In plain words, we trailed them to their individual haunts. Many of these were in near-by New Jersey towns; Lodi, Passaic, Elizabeth, Trenton, Bayonne and Garfield.

Especially Garfield, for it was there that I made the acquaintance of a barkeeper in a local saloon. He was a sociable fellow, fond of the wares that he sold. I saw to it that he was well-supplied with these, and our acquaintanceship prospered amazingly.

In the course of my many visits with this bartender, he mentioned that the saloon proprietor was the brother of one Alfredo Todaro, who had shot and killed another Italian on East 117th Street in 1911, but had never been arrested for the crime.

This was not one of the murders we were investigating. Those waters of Circumstance, flavored with whiskey in this instance, tossed the information into our hands. And they did not stop there. We learned that Alfredo Todaro, under the name of Calogero Lozito, was living in Montevideo, Uruguay. His residence, it seemed, was in the Calle Real ("Royal Street"), but he received his mail at the General Delivery window.

After much futile correspondence with the Montevideo police, Alfredo was at length trapped by means of a decoy registered letter and captured in the post office. I was sent to Montevideo after him and brought him back—eventually. Shortly afterward the River of Circumstance whirled him into a very quiet backwater, where he will remain for some time to come. He is serving a sentence for murder in the second degree.

IT was a long time, however, before this happened. I left for Montevideo on February 3d, 1917. A German cruiser, at that time, was amusing herself hugely by sinking every ship she could find. But that good old River of Circumstance kept her away from us, so we suffered only from the fear of meeting her, and reached our destination in safety.

The extradition papers that I brought were presented at once, and I had a talk with the prisoner. Readily, even smilingly, he admitted his identity and his share in the crime. But was that the end of the matter, as one might naturally suppose? Nothing at all like the end!

It was I who set the machinery of law in motion, but it was Alfredo who kept it going. He opposed extradition tooth and nail. He appealed his case from court to court. It was not until the highest one had decided against him that I was able to take him back. We arrived in New York in January, 1918. Many things had a chance to happen during the eleven months of my absence. Many things did happen, some of them of vital importance to people living obscurely at home, thousands of miles away; people who did not know that Alfredo and I ever existed.

They began when our South Pacific Squadron, consisting of the *Pueblo, South Dakota, Frederick* and *Pittsburgh,* under Admiral Caperton, visited Montevideo. The Uruguayan government determined to give them a rousing reception, and appropriated large sums for the purpose. Huge letters of electric lights were stretched across the landing-place so as to spell WELCOME. The city was in carnival mood. There were some, however, who did not share that mood.

THIS latter fact I discovered when leaving the English Club with friends about one o'clock in the morning after the fleet's arrival. Somebody had pasted a printed announcement on the outer walls of the club-house. It was in Spanish, of course, and was a bitterly scurrilous attack upon the United States. Such attacks, especially at that time and place, were distinctly unpopular with Englishmen as well as Americans. Then and there my friends and I organized ourselves into a Regulating Committee to go and see about it.

There were four of us in all. For some blocks we went through the streets, tearing down the posters wherever we found them. Then I noticed that the paste on each one was fresher than the last had been. It seemed plain that we were overtaking whoever was doing this thing, so we jumped into a taxicab and gave chase. Soon I saw a young man sticking one of the abominable sheets on a stone pillar in the plaza.

Jumping out of the taxi, I grabbed him. He struggled and clawed like a cat. Holding him with one hand, I took away his paste pot with the other, and after flinging it into the street, captured the bundle of circulars that he carried. But at this point, just as my friends came up, he broke away.

He ran across the plaza, with us at his heels. He bolted into a night café and I followed just in time to see him dive under a table. I pulled him out, not too gently, and hustled him into the street.

Now it seemed that the idea of those posted circulars was originated in that café by a group of Spaniards and Germans who frequented it. Some of them who were present at the time took it upon themselves to object to our actions. They were so ill-advised as to call a police-

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man. We all were taken to the station-house, where, as it happened, I knew the officer in charge very well indeed. So he put the bill-poster in a cell and released us with congratulations upon our exploit.

It was a joyous little time, and its results were most gratifying. The authorities were greatly pleased with the interest I had taken. The story spread itself abroad. I became acquainted with the officers of our fleet, frequently dining with them on shipboard. I helped to arrange field sports and dances for the sailors, and thus became known also to the enlisted men. Also I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Dubois, connected with the State Department in Washington, who was in Uruguay on official business. We became very friendly, so that I worked with him on his assignment. We still are friends.

Who would think that any of these experiences could have any connection with, for example, the murder of one Samuel Wolcheck, by hold-up men, in his little stationery store at 208 Wyckoff Avenue, Brooklyn? But some of them did, nevertheless.

A few days after the murder two men were arrested by detectives assigned to the case. One of them, Conrad Trupp by name, was released almost at once, but as to William Hide, the second man, it was quite another matter.

Hide had a criminal record, to begin with. Worse still, when questioned as to his whereabouts on the afternoon of the murder, he swore he was visiting his sweetheart, who lived just around the corner from Wolcheck's store; and his statement was confirmed by her. Worst of all, he was positively identified by witnesses as one of the men who, after murdering Wolcheck, ran out of the store, turned the corner and went in the direction of the girl's home.

In short, the case against him looked to be a certainty. It was placed on the calendar, subpœnas were issued, and Mr. Caldwell, the District Attorney, was ready to go to trial when he received a telegram, followed by a letter accompanying a diary they had found when searching a prisoner. I have a photostatic copy of that diary before me as I write. It is the only one I ever knew a crook to keep, recording the crimes in which he was concerned. It is impossible, however, to quote that diary here. It is far too long, for one thing. It was intended, moreover, only for the eyes of him who wrote it, and its fetterless language is quite unfit for publication. It recounts various crimes with minute details, all of which were afterward verified. Among them was the Wolcheck murder. The diary implicated one Jesse Walker in this latter affair.

Walker, it seemed, was then in jail at Matoon, Illinois, for a murderous assault upon an elderly couple whom he had beaten almost, but not quite, to death. To Matoon I was sent, and spent several weeks there, interviewing Walker every day. From the first I was struck with his resemblance to Hide.

Walker was sullen at first. But in going through his effects I discovered an old pass, issued by the *U. S. S. Frederick*, one of the warships that had visited Montevideo during my stay there. So I talked with him about his old ship, her officers and so on, and gradually he became more communicative. At length he admitted going into the Wolcheck store, with another sailor named Nicholls, at the time of the murder. He even told how Wolcheck grappled with him, causing his gun to go off and sending a bullet through his overcoat; he showed me the coat to prove his statement. I confiscated the coat and returned to New York.

Nicholls soon afterward was located on the *U. S. S. Ophir*, at Norfolk, and was brought North by requisition. He readily admitted his part in the crime. Both Walker and Nicholls were convicted and executed.

AS for William Hide, the River of Circumstance had swept him, innocent of that crime though he was, almost into the electric chair and then, by the narrowest of margins, had whirled him and that chair far apart once more. He was released as a matter of course.

Then, in 1922, again that stay of mine in Montevideo made its influence felt. This was on May 15th, when an army lieutenant from Camp Dix and a policeman from Wrightstown, New Jersey, appeared in the office of the Homicide Squad. They related the details of the murder of one Jonas Fox, and had with them a young soldier who was a witness of the crime and who afterward drove with the murderer to New York in the dead man's car.

The man who had fired the shot, he told us, was another young soldier named Ernest Mayo, who had enlisted as Perry Stewart. Mayo, he said, had left the car, a Hudson sedan, in a garage in West 49th Street. We located it and turned it over to the lieutenant. But to find Mayo was another matter.

We had heard he had at one time stopped at the Seaman's Institute on South Street, and after the crime he had told his companion he intended to enter the Navy. So I watched the Institute, while another detective went to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Shortly afterward he telephoned to me that he thought he had located Mayo in prison there. I rushed over.

My partner already had Mayo in the office when I arrived and had been questioning him for an hour. He couldn't connect him with the crime. So I started in.

I began by asking Mayo if he hadn't been in the Navy before. He replied that he had, serving on the *Frederick* during her visit to Montevideo. I asked him if he didn't remember a New York detective who was there at that time.

"Sure!" answered Mayo. "I remember asking him how to get to a dance."

"I'm that detective," I said.

"That's good enough for me!" he exclaimed. "Gimme a cigarette, will you?" Then, turning to my partner, he added, "Tear up those papers; I'll tell the truth now."

I suggested that he write the confession, and he did. He was brought to trial, pleaded guilty, and is now serving his sentence.

Even again the influence of that sojourn in Uruguay was to make itself felt. Mr. Dubois, whom I had known there, came to see me one day and told me he was about to go to Bogota, Colombia, where his father had once been the American minister.

Now, we had received information that one Alfonso Sanchez, who was wanted for the murder of a Domingo Garcia in 1921, was somewhere in that country. So I gave Dubois some department circulars and other data concerning Sanchez. Dubois interested the American consul in Cartagena. Shortly afterward Sanchez was arrested. I went and brought him back. His case is still pending.

That's all that has occurred along this line up to the present date, but there is lots of time to come. Can it all have happened entirely by chance?

Will the River of Circumstance again bear its driftwood of coincidence into my life? I do not venture to say. But I have a "hunch" that the stream has not ceased to flow in my direction.

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The World's Champion Police Dog

This is "Cliquot," ladies and gentlemen, and he holds the record as the most intelligent of all his noted tribe. "Cliquot" knows more tricks than the cleverest of crooks. Here he is snapshotted on the top of a New York skyscraper. His experience as an over-the-rooftops pursuer of evil-doers gave him the thrill of his canine life.

Google

The Dev

A Dramatic Sket

By Per

Illustrated by

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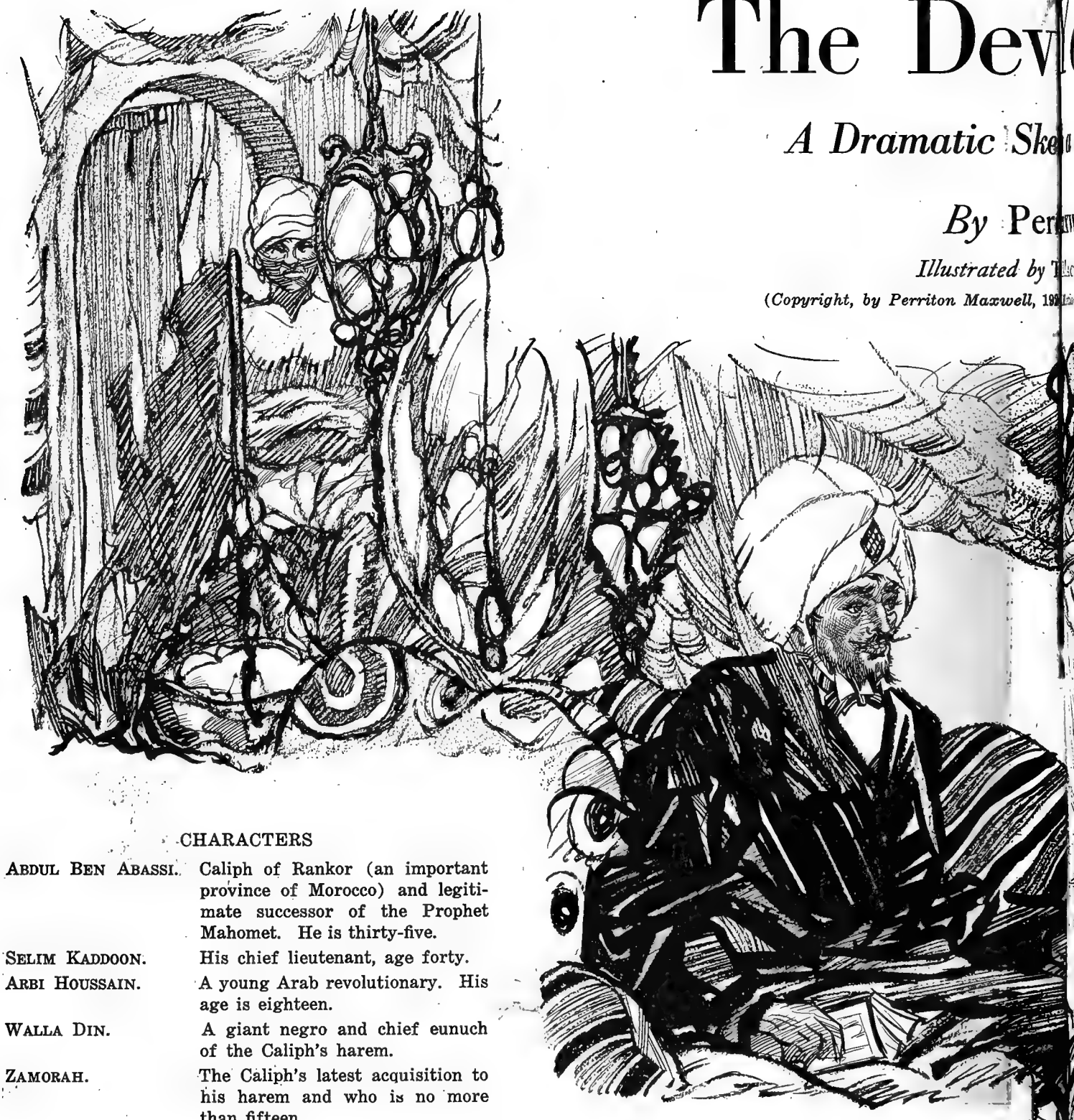

CHARACTERS

ABDUL BEN ABASSI.	Caliph of Rankor (an important province of Morocco) and legitimate successor of the Prophet Mahomet. He is thirty-five.
SELIM KADDOON.	His chief lieutenant, age forty.
ARBI HOUSSAIN.	A young Arab revolutionary. His age is eighteen.
WALLA DIN.	A giant negro and chief eunuch of the Caliph's harem.
ZAMORAH.	The Caliph's latest acquisition to his harem and who is no more than fifteen.

TIME. The present. About eleven o'clock at night.

SCENE. A private chamber in the Palace of Mute Walls, home of the Caliph of Rankor. The room is high, bare, gloomy. There are no windows. The walls are of dull white, a deep Moorish dado in red extending around the room. A low, square dais is at Back Centre. It is strewn with striped and figured Oriental cushions. A tall and glowing brass brazier stands at left of dais; a tabourette at right, holding a decanter of wine, a single glass and a small writing tablet with pencil attached. A Moorish arched entrance is at Left Centre. At right of this is a large swinging brass gong with sounding stick hanging beside it. Four ornate copper lamps are suspended from ceiling. These and the flickering glare from the brazier furnish the only illumination. The atmosphere of the place is one of isolation and mystery. Oriental (Moorish) music—thin, wailing, disquieting music—is faintly heard and gradually increases in volume as curtain goes up. This music persists, in pianissimo, throughout the action of the piece.

Abdul Abassi, all-powerful ruler of his province, in political importance next to the Sultan, having been educated in Europe, has returned to tyrannize over his people. He combines the savage cunning of the North African Moor with the polish and suavity of the European gentleman. He is dark, quick in his movements, and wears a small mustache and two-pointed beard. He is dressed in a long black jelleba (loose cloak) with scarlet

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You Say!

th a Thrill in It

Maxwell

N MACHAMER

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sash around the waist. He wears European clothes underneath his jelleba, and red slippers. His turban is white and large and is adorned with a single conspicuous ruby in front.

As the curtain rises, Abdul Abassi is seen sprawling at ease among his cushons. He is smoking a cigarette and reading a yellow-covered French novel, unmindful of his surroundings. Zamorah, veiled and graceful, is dancing and keeping time with her tambourine. Walla Din stands rigidly, with folded arms, his back to the wall, a semi-nude black statue. Zamorah executes a sinuous, abandoned native dance. She is very skilful and her dancing ends in a passionate whirlwind as she falls prostrate before the Caliph waiting for his praise. During the dance Abdul Ben Abassi has paid no attention to the girl and is absorbed in his novel.

ZAMORAH. [*Plainly annoyed.*] The Presence hath not deigned to cast the light of his countenance upon my poor effort. Have I, O Caliph, offended thee?

ABDUL. [*Lowering his book.*] In the name of Allah, thou art a great bore, Zamorah. I asked thee for entertainment and the best thou canst offer me is the same old silly squirmings of thy body. Am I a Bedouin peasant to be imposed upon? Is my intelligence to be forever insulted with thy childish wigglings and contortions? Believe me, Zamorah, thou dost not know what dancing is.

ZAMORAH. [*Humbly.*] The Presence hath spoken out of his great wisdom, but thou knowest, O Prince of Islam, that my dancing is in the true manner of our sacred forefathers, may Allah refresh their spirits with the wine of peace.

ABDUL. [*Testily.*] Allah bless our ancestors and provide them many pleasures in Paradise, but just the same, Zamorah, thou shalt have to learn the modern dances to win my favor. Thou shalt be taught the divine art of Terpsichore. Thou shalt acquire the maddening graces of a Pavlowa, the sinuous charms of a Karsavina. Thou shalt bring the art of Paris and Petrograd even into this chamber. I shall spend money on thee and thou wilt be very proud of thy new accomplishments. How sayest thou?

ZAMORAH. My worthless person is but the plaything of my lord. It is honor to feel his exalted foot upon my neck. [*Groveling.*] But, gracious Prince, I beg of thee, in Allah's name, make me not scornful of my mother's womb by forcing me to do the immodest dances of the Christian dogs! Spare me, O thou son of Mahomet, this terrible indignity, even as thou wouldst spare me the shame of unveiling my face in public.

ABDUL. [*Scowling.*] I see that I have been mistaken in thee. Thou art both stupid and contrary.

ZAMORAH. Thou knowest, great Caliph, that thy merest whim is my law. I live only to obey thy commands. But my foolish limbs would shrivel under me were I to learn the measures of the hated infidel.

ABDUL. In the Sura called Woman, it is written that those of the female species shall oppose not any wish of their rightful masters. Thy tongue is as loose as a parrot's. I am mightily vexed with thee. *Je n'y tiens plus!*

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Still, according to thy deserts I will fully reward thee.

ZAMORAH. Thou are the dispenser of all justice, great son of Mahomet!

ABDUL. Here then is my justice. [*Motioning to the negro, Walla Din.*] Take her back to the harem, thou. See that she hath fresh figs and wine. Let her women slaves pluck many roses and prepare them upon fine linens for her to lie upon. [*Zamorah rises and smiles with delight.*] Deny no wish of hers that she may utter—if within reason. Give her from among my best jewels a handful to play with. [*Zamorah claps her palms with childish glee.*] And when her head is turned with these delights—*burn thou three scars across the soles of her lazy feet!* Mark thou, Walla Din, as thou wouldst save thy own black hide from a like branding, let the heated iron sear thrice across the bottom of each foot! [*Zamorah shrinks back in terror.*] Perhaps the sizzling metal may accomplish what my spoken word hath failed to do. I have said. [*Picks up novel and resumes reading and smoking.*]

ZAMORAH. [*Fully realizing what is in store for her.*] Thou—thou—thou wouldst not punish me so! [*Walla Din advances.*] I, the youngest of thy harem, thy slave, thy worshipful Zamorah—thou wouldst not torture me, O Caliph! [*Frenziedly.*] I am thy dog. I will eat the dirt under thy sandals. I will do all thy bidding. [*As Walla Din takes hold of her.*] Mercy, Caliph, mercy! Mercy! In the name of Allah, mercy! Ahie! Ahie! Ahie! [*Walla Din picks up the girl bodily and swiftly carries her, kicking, biting and screaming, through the curtained exit at right. The thud of a heavy door closing is heard off stage, then silence. Abdul, sighing, lays down his book and rising, walks to gong, which he strikes sharply, twice. Selim Kaddoon appears at arched entrance.*]

SELIM. [*Salaaming low.*] Thou hast need of me, O Caliph?

ABDUL. Is the city quiet, Selim?

SELIM. As quiet as the holy tomb of Mahomet, O Caliph.

ABDUL. No further riotings?

SELIM. Even the scavenger dogs are in their beds, great master.

ABDUL. That is good. Thinkest thou, Selim, the dead people are preparing more powder and bullet compliments for their Caliph on the morrow?

SELIM. Only Allah knoweth, O son of the Prophet, where the serpent maketh his lair, but thy sentries report no disturbance this night.

ABDUL. I hope my sentries are not lulled into false security. If any man sleeps at his post, kill him, Selim. I would not have the outer world say that Rankor is imitating the sentimental insanity of the Christian fools. I look to thee, Selim, and thy armed men to put down this rebellion among my people. Thou art my right-hand, good Selim, and thou art a corking fine henchman.

SELIM. Thy words are strange unto my ear, great Caliph, but I am the shadow of thy turban.

ABDUL. Tell me, Selim, if thou knowest, what do the people really want? Why are the swine plotting against me? Why do they seek my life?

SELIM. There are many who uttereth rash sayings with their mouths but who do naught. There are those who are silent but plot evil against thee. And there are those who neither speak nor plot but who nourish black rebellion in their hearts.

ABDUL. Yes, yes. I know all that. But what would these sons of Sheitan have me do?

SELIM. [*Embarrassed and hesitating.*] They think thou art a worshiper of strange gods, that thou art overfond of Christian baubles—unholy books, forbidden music and images graved on paper. They are angry because thou hast imposed new and burdensome taxes. They charge thee with intriguing with the infidel French and English.

ABDUL. [*Thunderously.*] Idiots! Imbeciles! How do they expect a man of my culture to exist without books and music and pictures? How can I keep up appearances and the great traditions of the Rankor Caliphate unless the people provide the wherewithal? Where would I be today, think you, but for the powerful aid of the French and English? [*May Allah roast them in the pit!*] How would the people like it if I should abandon them to their own devices, walk out of the palace some fine day and leave them to administer the law among themselves? Brainless vermin!

SELIM. Even thy abdication, Prince of Potentates, they have dared discuss among themselves in the market place.

ABDUL. So? Then I am a superfluous Caliph, am I? [*Selim makes a gesture of protest.*] Oh, I know, my good Selim. Who should know the truth better than I? My people hate me—hate me because they do not understand me.

SELIM. The great men of the earth have always been misunderstood by the people, O Prince.

ABDUL. Dost think I do not know why my life has been attempted thrice within as many days? The young assassin thou hast chained up in yonder prison-room missed me with his damned Yankee revolver this morning by less than the length of a finger-nail. The mob groaned with disappointment when they saw me ride on unhurt. But this canker of discontent must be cut out of the people's mind. They must be made to respect me. The novelty of dodging bullets has worn off; it no longer excites me. I will try the infidel's why, hereafter. I will try tact, diplomacy. I shall yet win over the populace with a honey-drip of words.

SELIM. Thy wisdom is the wisdom of seers, O Caliph.

ABDUL. We shall begin tomorrow, Selim. I will issue a proclamation to all the people. I will tell them I am preparing for a grand pilgrimage to Mecca, that I have renounced my phonographs; my pianola, my radio; burnt my cameras, my pictures, my books; sold my automobile—my devil's wagon if you like that better—and, Allah be praised, I will, from now on, devote my life to the deeper understanding of the holy Koran.

SELIM. And the infidel French and English?

ABDUL. Thou canst spread the report that I have quarreled with them.

SELIM. Thou hast spoken with great understanding of the hearts of the faithful, O Caliph.

ABDUL. I will slit the throats of any that doubt me.

SELIM. But the new taxes, Prince?

ABDUL. Yes, those damned taxes. The eternal question of money! Well, even that will I adjust. All needful monies may be henceforth collected by the soldiers. There is much persuasion in a bayonet thrust. I will abolish *all* taxes——

SELIM. Surely, Caliph——!

ABDUL. And establish in their stead a weekly collection for spreading the True Faith of Islam in infidel lands—Europe, America, other holes of pestilence. I will be bursar of these funds and thou shalt be my chief collector, with unlimited power.

SELIM. Verily, Allah hath shown thee the light of his countenance, O Prince!

ABDUL. As for these rebels there must be no mercy.

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They must be dealt with as one deals with the plague. For those who do not pay promptly there is the torture. Delinquency will mean death for them. You understand, Selim? [*Pause.*] Thou dost not think me heartless?

SELIM. [*Caustically.*] Thy mercy is the mercy of the avenging prophet when he teareth out the eyes of the unbelieving.

ABDUL. [*Looking at him sharply.*] At heart, I am a sentimentalist, as thou knowest. Thou art clever, Selim, but cleverness is the very opposite of greatness. The empires of the world have been built up by dull men. No sentiment would keep me from hanging even thy comely head upon the city's gates shouldst thou become too clever.

SELIM. Even my unworthy head is thine—alive or dead.

ABDUL. It is well said. Thou hast endeared thyself to me, Selim. Thy service to me has been the service of a blood brother. Dost thou remember [*Puts his arm around Selim's shoulder*] how we played together as little children in my father's garden?

SELIM. As it were yesterday, Caliph. I remember, too, how Allah was pleased to make me the poor instrument through which thy life was saved when thou didst fall choking into the basin of the fountain.

ABDUL. And dost thou remember thy reward?

SELIM. Three copper coins from thy father's purse and a dozen lashings on my bare back for my carelessness of thee.

ABDUL. [*Laughing.*] Thy reward was inadequate, good Selim. And now here we are, thou and I, after all these years, I the Caliph and thou—[*laughs contemptuously*] thou art still my slave. Had Allah endowed thee with brains there might have been a different story to tell. Eh, Selim?

SELIM. [*Frowning and clinching fists.*] The ways of Allah are not known of any man.

ABDUL. Be not angry with me, Selim. I have acquired the jesting manners of the Christians. I see thou art tired. Best get thee to bed. Leave me to my thoughts. Bismallah! [*Selim salaams stiffly and starts to leave the room.*] One moment, Selim. How fares the young rebel who shot at me this morning?

SELIM. The boy Arbi Houssain?

ABDUL. If that be the swine's name.

SELIM. He is of the brood of Sidi Houssain, the saddle maker.

ABDUL. I care not for his pedigree. What hast thou done to him?

SELIM. I and thy soldiers have made a mighty effort to persuade him——

ABDUL. To tell the names of his fellow conspirators?

SELIM. Even so, great Caliph.

ABDUL. On the morrow, see thou the rebel is hung up high by the thumbs and let him taste the full flavor of the wheel of many teeth. There is more truth in real pain than in promises of punishment.

SELIM. We have had him on the rack till his bones cracked and the blood ran from his nostrils.

ABDUL. And still he remains silent? Poor devil, he hath grit.

SELIM. Thy pity doth thee honor but he tried to murder thee, Caliph.

ABDUL. Didst thou threaten the boy with instant death?

SELIM. We placed him with much solemn ceremony at the edge of an open grave and fired a volley of blank cartridges at his body.

ABDUL. Ah! What did that accomplish?

SELIM. He swooned. But when he came to his senses he stubbornly refused to name any of his accomplices.

ABDUL. The youth hath true courage. I am interested in this bantam revolutionary. There is stuff for a soldier in such as he. Bring him to me.

SELIM. [*In surprise.*] Here? Now?

ABDUL. Certainly. At once. [*Selim exits and Abdul stands gazing into the glow of the brazier, an enigmatic smile on his lips. Selim returns immediately, half carrying, half dragging the form of Arbi Houssain. The latter's tunic is torn away at the throat and chest. His loose, wide trousers are in tatters and clotted with blood. He is wild-eyed and disheveled. He compresses his lips to keep back his cries of pain. His right hand is crumpled up at his side. His left arm hangs limp. His legs refuse to support the weight of his body. The sound of stumbling footsteps arouses Abdul from his reverie.*] In Sheitan's name, what is all this fuss about? Is the palace bombarded?

SELIM. He canont walk, Caliph.

ABDUL. Then drag the idiot along. [*As he sees the face of Arbi.*] Great Allah! I did not know the fool was such an infant. Fresh from the rack! So this is he who but for the favor of Kismet would have made a corpse of me!

SELIM. He is a dangerous criminal, Most High.

ABDUL. Lay him here among the cushions. Tenderly, Selim, tenderly. Now send thou some healing water with herbs and some cloths—quickly. [*Selim exits. Arbi Houssain lies prostrate where he has been placed.*] My dear young fellow, hast thou been so grievously hurt?

ARBI. [*Weakly but boldly.*] Thy question is the question of a fool. Art thou both Caliph and court jester? Thou knowest best how cruelly maimed I am and thou knowest why. I was a stupid bungler not to have killed thee this morning. [*Groans.*]

ABDUL. And so thou wouldst rid thy country of its tyrant? Dost thou love thy land so much?

ARBI. That which I love I do not tell to a pig.

ABDUL. [*Wincing and then smiling.*] Perhaps thou art right. Forgive me, Arbi Houssain, but I must add to thy pain for a moment that it be lessened later. [*He stoops over Arbi.*] Will I pollute the patriot in thee if I touch thee with my hands? [*He lifts the boy to a more comfortable position.*] Thou canst speak more easliy now. [*Walla Din enters with a large, flat brass basin of water and a roll of linen. To Walla Din.*] It is well. Leave us. Let no one enter till I call. [*Walla Din salaams and exits.*] And so they have mangled thee on the wheel of teeth, the beasts! [*He bathes Arbi's face and chest as he talks.*] They have disobeyed my commands to abolish the torture chamber. They shall be punished for this. Thou art frightfully torn, poor lad. I marvel thou didst not die.

ARBI. Thanks to thee, thou monster, I am worse than dead—a cripple to crouch in rags in the filth of the market place, a sniveller for charity. [*Painfully lifting himself on his elbow and chanting, while Abdul leans back on his haunches, a bandage poised in his hands.*] Alms for an outcast! Alms for the victim of the great Abdul Ben Abassi, Caliph of Rankor! A beggar's blessing for a mildewed crust. Allah is great and the Caliph is his true prophet. Blessed be the name of Abdul—Abdul the damned! See thou in me his perfect handiwork! Alms for a beggar! Alms! [*He falls back with a hysterical laugh and groans. Abdul calmly resumes his bandaging.*]

ABDUL. Thou hast a fine imagination!

ARBI. [*Sarcastically.*] Perhaps even thou wilt toss me a little copper coin as thou goeth past in state?

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EDITORIAL

Why Juries Don't Convict

WHY do juries fail to convict to the extent that is apparent to anyone who has the opportunity to observe?

Their laxity is because of mediocre mentality, dislike of responsibility, and the well-established American inclination to stand for anything, even crime, if it causes us much personal inconvenience. We cannot overlook as contributory causes the acknowledged fact that our court system is below par and that our system for selecting jurors could be tremendously improved upon. Our national record of 10,000 homicides, plus, for 1923 is something that should cause us a little sober thought, to put the matter conservatively. Compared with the British figure of approximately 250 for the same period we have little to offer in excuse for the charge of lawlessness. A figure that shows human life to be seventeen times safer in England than in the United States, or, that makes living in the United States seventeen times as dangerous as in England is something worth thinking about. As a matter of fact a murderer in the United States has to risk only about one chance in ten of execution, while in Britain he has almost no likelihood of escape. Why?

Let us follow a crime through an outline of procedure. We take first the arrest as the initial step in deterring the criminal. A crime is committed and in due course the police charge a certain individual with committing it. Those familiar with police work in this and other cities know that wrongful arrest of innocent persons is very rare. If the police err it is on the side of leniency. The prisoner is arraigned within twenty-four hours before a police magistrate, and if the police make out a *prima facie* case against him he is held for trial in one or the other of the courts of the county. Bail is either granted, denied, continued or discontinued according to the nature of the offense and the resources of the prisoner. Three or four years ago the prisoner's formal trial might occur in two or three years if he had a lawyer adept in obtaining delays. Men have sat on a jury to try cases in 1922 where the offense had been committed in 1919, the prisoner being on bail during that period. This was due in a measure to the congestion of the courts following the war. Today there is less congestion and a trial may be reached in a few weeks or months.

The police supply the district attorney with the facts they have gathered and the district attorney after examining the case goes before the grand jury and asks for an indictment. If he gets it the case is eventually scheduled for trial. Next comes the trial itself.

Now there are five points at which the criminal may escape punishment. First, the police may not have been able to make the initial arrest. Second, the evidence they have obtained may not be sufficient to warrant holding the prisoner on his arraignment in the magistrate's court. Third, the grand jury may not return an indictment. Fourth, the district attorney after having obtained the indictment, may conclude that the case is not good enough against the prisoner, and may move for its dismissal, and Fifth, the trial jury may fail to convict. Taking all these into consideration it is probably true that not more than twenty per cent of crime is punished, and we are inclined to believe that figure to be high.

Inquiry of a judge, an assistant district attorney, and a court clerk of forty years' experience in the criminal courts indicates that less than fifty per cent of the cases brought to a jury trial result in convictions. Why does the jury fail to convict?

What is practically a new crop of jurymen is drawn from the ordinary vocations of life every thirty days and invited to sit in judgment on its fellow creatures. These men are generally resentful at their situation. They don't like leaving their business, for it costs them money. They probably have tried to evade the task by political appeal, and have been disappointed. They have the ordinary human sympathies which are generally for the underdog, as they regard him. They will not generally own it, but they are very dubious about the credibility of policemen and police witnesses. As Americans they don't like too rigid enforcement of their laws. They don't know much of legal terminology and they fail quite appreciably to understand the judge's charge, which not infrequently is lengthy.

In the jury room they recall that they were told that they must decide the prisoner's guilt or innocence within the range of reasonable conviction, and they take this to mean that unless the State has proved its case beyond the shadow of a doubt the prisoner should be given another chance. Finally they have a mental picture of another human being shut up in a steel and stone room, and they don't like the picture.

Frequently the people's case against the prisoner is open in several particulars. There was a recent case where a clothing store had been robbed some time after its closing at ten o'clock at night. By six in the morning the police had arrested three men and recovered all the stolen goods. In the magistrate's court but one man was held. The clothing had been found in the home of the man the police accused. The case was, as it reached the jury, entirely circumstantial, but strongly so. One police officer who had made the arrest was put on the stand. Three others who had accompanied him were not asked to testify. The prisoner's friends and mother were in court and testified to his good character and reasonably steady employment. The owner of the store had never previously seen the prisoner and could only testify to the fact of burglary by some one. There was the case. The judge charged quite lengthily. The jury was out fifteen minutes and brought in a verdict of acquittal. They had decided that there was no direct evidence to connect the prisoner with the crime. There was evidence, as was learned later, but it could not have been produced in court for the simple reason that a murder would probably have resulted.

Most people realize that there are sources from which the police draw specific information. In this case they did not intuitively or deductively connect the prisoner with the crime. They acted on definite information that came to them within two hours of the commission of the theft. They went promptly to the home of the man whose name had been given them, found him in bed and the clothing piled up on a long table in the room below him. They knew they had the right man, but they could not

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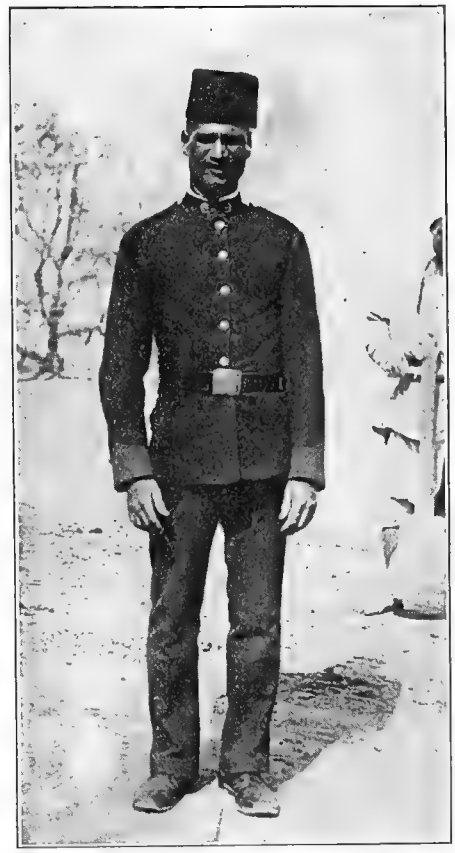
Three Types of the World's Picturesque Policemen

Native "Cop" of Shanghai, China



Policeman of Cairo, Egypt

A Macedonian peace officer

produce their source of information—the man or woman who had actually seen the burglary, or perhaps participated in it. The case failed on that point. The judge informed the prisoner that it was apparent he had more knowledge of the burglary than he should have, and that he was unlikely to be as fortunate again, which was a neat way of delivering a rebuke to the jury.

Then came a case where the evidence was definite, but the jury cast aside the testimony of the police, the complaining witness, the fact that the prisoner was caught in the act of attack, and that he had confessed when arrested. They preferred to believe that a respectable jeweller had entered into a conspiracy with four detectives to fasten the crime on an innocent sign painter, and they brought in an acquittal. The prisoner made a poor impression, he told an improbable story, offered an unsupported alibi, and the prosecution had a good tight story. The jury acquitted him in twenty minutes, notwithstanding that on the first ballot they stood eight to four for conviction.

To say the judge was astonished would be perhaps untrue. Ten or twelve years of jury vagaries had undoubtedly left him small ability for astonishment. He shrugged his shoulders, dismissed the jury and prepared to tell the prisoner a few things about himself. The jury did not hear that oration, nor did it hear what the judge thought about it, which was perhaps as well for its peace of mind. That jury was moved largely by sentiment, mawkishness, lawlessness, or just plain damn foolishness. If two men had stood out strongly for conviction and had been willing to fight for their views the rest could have been brought into line, but it was getting late and everybody wanted to go home.

As a general thing our law is based on English law, and that is good. In England a murderer is frequently arrested, tried, convicted and executed within five or six weeks of his crime. A trial that takes over three days is remarkable. There are no legal acrobatics such as characterize our criminal practice. The Thaw trials could never have occurred there. The Nan Patterson case would have been impossible as conducted in New York. The Loeb-Leopold trial in Chicago would have been cut short by an English judge and Mr. Darrow's ingenious theories dropped in the judicial waste-basket.

The average American citizen may shrug his shoulders and insist that personally he feels there should be more liberty of action than is granted abroad; that after all it is better that ten guilty escape than that one innocent suffer, and that anyway we get along pretty well. It is difficult to show him that the intolerable crime record of the United States must bear some relation to the rising costs of living and government; that the tax rate must be affected by the leniency of juries; that you cannot permit swindlers to exact a toll of a billion a year without the decent citizen paying his distributed apportionment, and that the cost of 10,000 murders a year must be settled out of lost industrial production.

The next time, good friend, that you get a jury notice, instead of running to someone to get you off, gird up your loins and go down and do your job like a man and a juryman. You'll learn a lot of things that will cause you to be more useful to your fellow men when the time comes, your home and your property will be safer, and you will be less likely to figure as that one in every thousand of the population who poses as the victim of a murderer.

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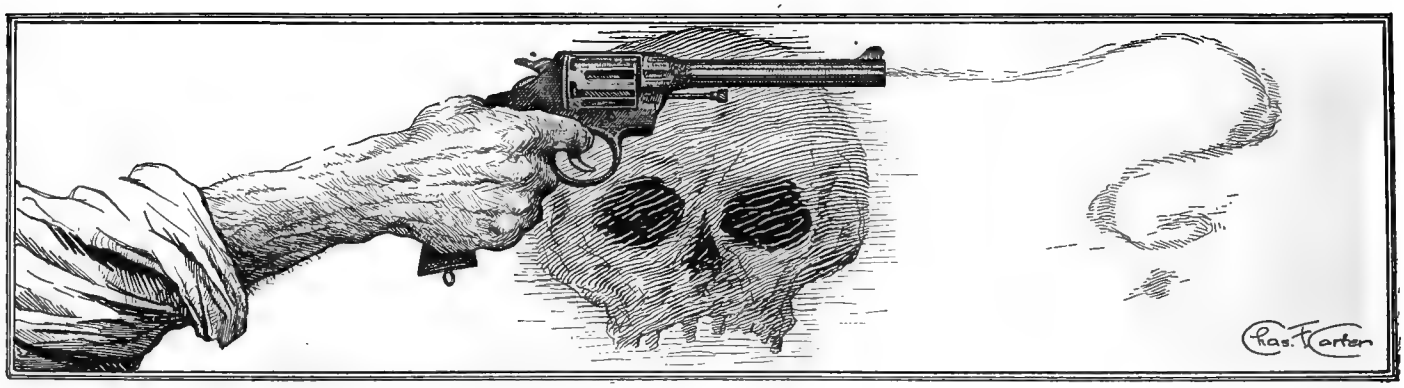

The Criminal's First Aid

Why the Free Sale of the Man-Killing Pistol Must Be Stopped by State Legislation Throughout Our Country

By Richard E. Enright

Commissioner of Police, New York City and President International Police Conference

AMERICA is at last awakening to the tremendous peril involved in the free sale of the pistol. Public sentiment is crystallizing against this Man-Killer; many evidences of the change are coming to hand. More states are outlawing the pistol; two have acted this season. Likewise additional cities have recently put this unnecessary weapon under the ban.

The roll of the places where the pistol is taboo lengthens slowly but surely. It has been a long fight—this battle to arouse America to the fact that every citizen's life is imperilled by the pocket-gun—but victory is in sight.

It is good that there now appear signs of a quickened public conscience. As a result of it, other states are considering doing away with the pistol menace; they may soon follow in the footsteps of New Jersey and Virginia, which acted this season. Pittsburg, leader of the cities that have recently ordered the pistol suppressed, is soon to find more adherents.

When a few more states have followed the lead of New York in penalizing either the sale or possession of a pistol we of the police, who have consistently opposed the Man-Killer, will have reason to look forward to a day when the great and essential step in support of these state prohibitions can be taken.

That step will be the enactment by Congress of a statute forbidding the shipment into a state or the delivery there, of any concealed weapon the sale of delivery of which is prohibited in that state. With that law in force a state that prohibits sale or possession of pistols will be able to keep them out. The United States, through the post-office, will no longer be engaged in flouting the laws of the component states.

Speed the day when that shall be the law! The instant effect will be to hearten other states into passing anti-pistol laws. With federal backing for their statutes the states will find it worth while to suppress that *cause* of death which, among all those on the census list, is easiest removed.

Picture to yourself the result! In a few years we shall have a country with life as secure as it is in England, say. There the number of violent deaths in proportion to population is one-tenth what it is here. Mind you, I do not say the pistol is solely responsible; there are other causes contributory to this difference in the crime ratio. But I do assert, and it is capable of proof, that suppression of the pistol will automatically cut the killings in half, or do even better.

When the day of real suppression comes, the professional criminal will no longer be able to readily replace weapons that the police will constantly be confiscating; sudden plunges into crime by amateurs will be prevented since they will be unable to arm themselves for it; brawls will cease to have fatal endings; those who kill in abrupt fits of rage will no longer find death-dealing weapons temptingly at hand. It will be a different country—something nearer the America of our ideals—when these things come to pass.

Why should not enlightened, prosperous, free America be as safe as any other land? Ask yourself that question. One great answer to it is to support with your heart, your voice, and your vote, all anti-pistol legislation.

Our enlightenment should make it easy for us to see that, among the important causes of death in this country, the pistol can be more easily abolished than any other. Heart-disease, tuberculosis, cancer, traffic accidents—to abolish any of these involves tremendous wide-reaching effort. But the pistol, which ranks with them, can be rooted out by the passage of a few laws.

But death is not the only great injury done by the pistol. There is crime in general. The pistol is the finished crook's principal aid, the bolsterer of the coward's courage, the creator of criminals.

Why should we stand all the losses the pistol causes? We can reduce them tremendously by the mere abolition of that tool of criminals, the pistol. Criminals are outlaws; let us outlaw the criminals' principal assistant.

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Footprinting—the New Insurance Against Human Waste

(*Continued from page* 21)

had come to New York. When her case was discharged she brought the child to the park. Being a stranger here she did not know that that entrance to the park is seldom used. She had thought that someone would quickly see the child and give it a home. It had died of exposure. The rat had discovered it before any human being did.

"The fingerprinted mother of the footprinted child would know that abandonment were useless. She would take up her burden, discharge her responsibility and probably be reclaimed to right living and efficiency.

"But I think the greatest service of footprinting would be in the finding of lost children. It would substitute for the world-old cry of the bereft mother, 'Where is my child?' an answer, for it would ask and answer in every case 'Who is this child?'

"How could footprinting be made practicable?"

"'Easily. The newborn child's fingerprints cannot be taken because of the aimless opening and closing of its hands. Within a few minutes of birth, before the mother and child leave the operating room, the record can be made first on the birth certificate and repeated on the hospital chart. The footprints of the child are placed beside the print of the mother's right index finger. The birth hospital-chart can be placed in a fireproof vault and the birth certificate filed in the Department of Vital Statistics to be produced in forty minutes or forty years.

"'There is a strange indifference by hospital authorities to the subject. I have communicated with hospitals where errors were reported and have received politely evasive replies or none. One institution, the New York Nursery and Child's Hospital, is an exception. It has led the progress in that direction. It has a collection of six thousand babies' footprints.

"Footprinting would be a safeguard for victims of amnesia or aphasia. Only a short while ago a girl who had forgotten her name and identity was discharged from the hospital in the care of a man who merely called for her. He might have known of her only what he read of her case in the newspapers. He gave no identification of the girl nor of himself. Imagine what might have befallen that girl helplessly groping her way out of her terrible forgetfulness!"

We talked of footprinting as a means of the identification of the dead. Mrs. Hamilton's kindly face was divided between a half smile and a reminiscent frown.

"At a dinner to Health Commissioner Monagahan a young man rushed impetuously up to me and said, 'I want to apologize to you. I was the fresh young fellow who locked you in the morgue. But you must forgive me. I was put up to the joke. A young interne hasn't any too much sense.'

"His gasping speech recalled to me the first assignment I received from the New York Police Department. It was to fingerprint the digits of a woman in the Morgue. I was going about my grim work when what sounded like a deep groan came from the dead. Terrified I ran to the door. It was locked. I turned back to my work and finished it. When I was ready to go the door was unlocked. It had been thought excruciat-

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Bringing in the Yule log-

Years ago, in Merrie England, the henchmen rode into the forests and came trooping back to the castle at night, with shouts and laughter, dragging behind the great Yule Log.

Today, just beyond almost any town, there is many a farmer glad to sell you a Yule Log. Or, better still, the Christmas Tree. Almost any copse will yield its bright berries for the Christmas wreath.

Get out into the country and make your Christmas happier and merrier. Socony will take you there and back. It is the ideal winter fuel.

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Money Awards for the "Cop"

What One Philadelphian is Doing for the Policemen of His City Who Achieve Outstanding Acts of Service

By Edward W. Bok

My study into the needs of a city brought to my surprised attention the small interest that existed in a great community in the men who were really more vital to the individual welfare of every citizen than any other: the policemen. Here was a class of men close to the two things which every citizen prizes most: the lives of himself and of his family, and his property. Aside from the mere knowledge that these men were there, and calling upon them with breathless haste when we got into trouble, they counted as for nothing in the thought and consideration of the average citizen.

In torrid heat, in zero cold, in rain, in snow, in slush, in cutting winds, in weather when, with gratitude, we are thankful to get in the friendly glow of light and heat, or when, with our families, we escape the torrid heat of the city and go to cool places, these men are either on duty or ready for duty, their families never knowing when they have left their homes in the morning if they will return, or in what condition they may be brought home. "Well," we comfortably argue, "that's their job: that's what they're paid for." But can we really justify an attitude that gives to those public servants less thought and consideration than we bestow thought and consideration on a trusted watch-dog? We, at least, speak to the dog.

I have stood on street corners, and watched the attitude of citizens, walking or riding, toward the policeman. The number of those who gave a simple word, a nod of recognition, a smile of consciousness that he was there, was negligible. It scarcely existed. If any human sign was visible, it was that of resentment at his stoppage of their traffic. The more careful the policeman to ensure safety to the rider or walker, the surer was he rewarded with a scowl or the look of impatience! He was in reality regarded in the light of a nuisance by the average person rather than in the light of the best friend of the citizen.

Why are there policemen, I thought, as I watched these men day after day, when there is returned to them so little in comparison with what they give? But suppose they were not?

I decided to make an effort to bring these important factors in the community life more directly into the consciousness of the people; to make the average citizen mindful of their existence and to give to the men themselves the encouragement that follows when a public becomes conscious of their presence and work. It was not that I wanted to reward conspicuous service; that service is given almost every day by these guardians of life and property. The quality of that service is only one of degree.

What I was after was to make the public conscious of these men,—to regard them not as automatons, as mere servants, for how could one really reward the service which these men gave? I wanted to create a human relation between the doer and the man he did it for, and few efforts in service have given me more pleasure and satisfaction than to see the constantly growing human bond between these men and the citizens whom, at the daily danger of their lives, they serve.

I created in Philadelphia what is called The Citizens' Award, consisting of as many annual Awards of One Thousand Dollars each to the policemen, the firemen, and the guards of Fairmount Park, as there were outstanding acts of service to warrant their bestowal.

For three years now these Awards have been bestowed by the Mayor upon these public protectors in the presence of three thousands of their fellows who are off duty, with the result that the following morning all Philadelphia reads about these men, and the consciousness is driven into the mind of every reader that the policeman and the fireman exist. Nods and smiles and greetings reach out to them from riders and walkers, while at Christmas-time the hand of recognition stretches out to nearly every man on the force. As never before, Philadelphians are conscious of the peace officers in their midst.

On the other hand, the men who are rendering such important service for order and property realize for the first time that a group of citizens watch what they do all through a year, and are ready to pass out to them the wonderful stimulus of the human "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Say, as the cynical may: "He certainly seems to be well-pleased with his own benefaction." I am,—frankly so; only it is not a benefaction!

EARLY in January, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will publish a book, "Twice Thirty", which is really the personal authobiography of Edward W. Bok, entirely different from his former volume "The Americanization of Edward Bok." In his new book Mr. Bok recites the genesis of his Citizen's Award in Philadelphia which has so successfully recognized the special service of policemen. This story we print in advance of it's book publication. Here is a bit of big literary news.

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(*Continued from page* 47)

ingly funny that the woman rookie should be alone with a case of post mortem eructation. But I said nothing about it. I never mentioned it until the young doctor made his apologies seven years afterward at the banquet. But it's all right. It may have helped me. Certainly it was self-discipline.

"Although there is no universal system of fingerprinting, which Commissioner Enright is working ceaselessly to effect and for which he has called an International Police Convention in New York each year for three years, it is customary to fingerprint the dead. The record may be used to establish the fact of death to prevent insurance frauds. And in case of dubious claims to property. Universal fingerprinting, not alone to detect crime but for personal protection, is wholly desirable.

"But, as I said, footprinting is my fad. I repeat that it will be a lifelong one. 'Footprint every baby at birth' is my slogan. With that footprint as a basis of comparison no living baby will long be lost and no mother's heart will break for grieving for it. Demand the footprint of any child not clearly accounted for who appears in the neighborhood. But to make the demand effective you must vote to make a law for compulsory footprinting. It is still voluntary and only occasionally practiced.

"Footprint every child born in this country and the foundation of a flawless system of identification has been laid. For we soon grow up. Today's babies are tomorrow's men and women."

Father, Mother, Baby and —Murder

(*Continued from page* 19)

viciously sixteen times into the prostrate man's body.

This was on May 11th. They kept the body in their house until the next day, then loaded it into their car and took it to Jamaica Bay, as already has been stated, and met me on their return trip.

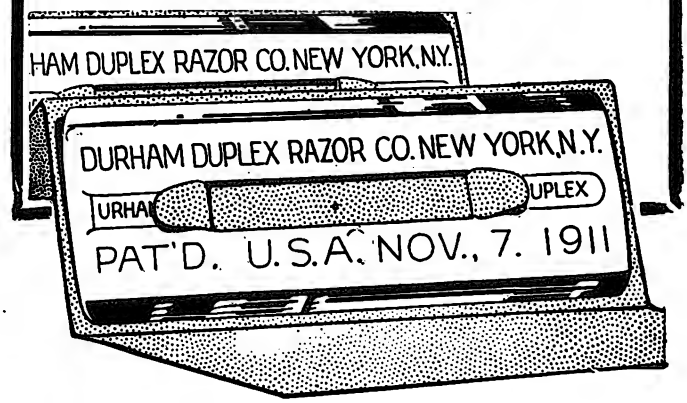
This, I am convinced, is substantially the correct version of the affair, though not entirely in acccordance with that which the Vetters gave out. At the trial Vetter testified that Storey had discovered him in the act of eavesdropping and had thereupon attacked him, so that the killing was an act of self-defence.

The jurymen could not quite swallow that tale, apparently, though it is possible they wanted to. For the act, barbarously treacherous though it was, after all resulted in the elimination of a creature that human society would be glad to spare. And it was, moreover, the act of a woman who had erred and was fighting to repair her error by holding the confidence of her husband and maintaining the legitimacy of her child.

So they were found guilty of first-degree manslaughter, with a strong recommendation for mercy. The sentences were from eight to sixteen years for both Vetter and his wife in Sing Sing and Auburn prisons respectively.

They are serving those sentences now; and one cannot help but remember that it was the pistol, which had nothing to do with the murder, that tripped them. If Vetter had possessed sense enough to leave it at home they might still be at liberty.

Keen—Smooth and Businesslike



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The Blades Men Swear By—Not At

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The Devil, You Say!

(*Continued from page* 43)

ABDUL. I will be good to thee—in some way.

ARBI. A curse on thy goodness. I prefer thy cruelty tenfold.

ABDUL. It is the child in thee speaking. Thou wilt not believe me, boy, but my heart bleeds for thee. I too have suffered the torture and should know.

ARBI. [*Scornfully.*] Thou, indeed! Thy only torture came from over-eating. Doth think to win my sympathy with such a lie?

ABDUL. [*Finishing his bandaging and rising.*] If lie it is, then doth my quivering flesh lie no less than my tongue. Look thou, Arbi Houssain! [*He bares his left arm showing an ugly scar down the length of it.*] Thinkest thou art the only one who hath endured great agony for love of his birth-land?

ARBI. [*Sullenly.*] I care not how thou camest by thy wound. What is it to me what thou hast done in the past? I only know that my shot went wide of thee this morning, and I am sorry it did.

ABDUL. [*Looking down pityingly.*] My poor, brave little enemy!

ARBI. To what end dost thou keep up this mockery? Does it amuse thee to torture my mind as well as my body?

ABDUL. Ah, boy, boy! I do not mock thee. Believe me, Arbi, I did not know they had put thee on the rack. Had I known I would have stopped it. Thou camest near rendering me a great service with thy bullet this morning. Thou failed but I am still grateful to thee.

ARBI. Art thou indeed? I swear I meant to do naught but wipe out thy ugly life!

ABDUL. I can well believe that. But whatever thy intentions thou camest near to giving me my dearest wish.

ARBI. Thy riddles are tedious. Tell them to thy women folk.

ABDUL. Thou meant to kill me this morning?

ARBI. As I never meant anything before!

ABDUL. Think you, lad, I should not be glad to die? Think you my life is not a wearisome round of difficulties? Look thou around this room. Is this a place where luxury abounds? Is this the castle of one who lusts for gold and having it, spreads it about him in the splendor of fine furnishings? Is this the castle of a selfish Caliph? They have told thee lies about me, Arbi.

ARBI. It is thou who art the liar!

ABDUL. [*Flinching at the boy's words, then with a shrug and a smile.*] Ah, who shall say that even in that thou art not partly right. All men are liars saith the infidel's book. But my son—may I call thee son or doth the word insult thy father? [*Arbi stirs uneasily.*] May I tell thee a few more lies? A wise man looketh always upon the two sides of a question, as thou knowest. Listen, Arbi. I have amazing lies to tell thee. [*Seats himself on dais.*] Thou mayest not accept them. But I tell them thee for what they may be worth. Canst thou endure my lying?

ARBI. I have no choice but to listen.

ABDUL. My first lie is about a man, high-born in his own country, who was sent to strange lands when a little lad. He grew up amid alien peoples and he was very lonely and homesick and sad. When he was grown to manhood he was permitted to return to his own country and his own kind. But there were those who hated him for what Fate had made of him. He worked very hard to please everyone. Still his ways were not the ways of his people and I think he would have cheerfully given up all his honors and his high position, but he was a coward.

ARBI. [*Showing interest.*] A coward? Of what was he afraid?

ABDUL. He was afraid that if he gave up his Caliphate to the rebels they would quarrel among themselves, disrupt the province, and kill many of the faithful.

ARBI. There at least thou hast spoken the truth. Our leaders are forever disagreeing. They—— [*Checking himself in horror over his indiscretion.*]

ABDUL. Yes, so the poor perplexed Caliph believed. He had to go on alone, fighting for the safety of his people who would not understand him. And he is still fighting—fighting alone.

ARBI. He hath many soldiers to aid him.

ABDUL. But no true friends, Arbi. No one who loves and trusts him. They fawn upon him with sweet phrases on their tongues, but behind his back they call him traitor, tyrant, robber. Some of them even call him—liar.

ARBI. [*Softening.*] Thy rebuke is like a blow upon my cheek.

ABDUL. And another lie, Arbi—they believed the Caliph lived only for the pleasures of his harem, the fine raiment he could wear, the choice foods he could consume, the rare wines he could drink. They said he had forsaken the faith of his fathers.

ARBI. They say that most of all, Caliph.

ABDUL. But in his heart the Exalted One knew that he lived for his people and for them only. They tried to murder him. [*Arbi moans.*] Be quiet, my son; there are other lies to tell. They failed to kill him and of that he was both glad and sorry—glad for his people's sake, sorry for his own. He longed to be sent to Paradise even through the medium of a pistol or upon the blade of a scimetar. He was weary. But he went on fighting—fighting.

ARBI. [*Aroused.*] And in the end?

ABDUL. Ah, who knows the end of anything? But for the Caliph, failing death, I think the people in their unwisdom broke his heart.

ARBI. Yet it is a cruel if misunderstood heart, oh, Prince!

ABDUL. [*Ignoring the comment.*] There was something worse than a broken heart for this weary man——

ARBI. Was it his ambition, Caliph?

ABDUL. [*Very quietly.*] It was the necessity for being unkind to those he loved, making them suffer, when he would have made them happy.

ARBI. But Caliph——

ABDUL. Yes, my son?

ARBI. [*With embarrassment.*] But—he—did—betray—his—country—to—the—infidel?

ABDUL. Canst thou really believe that of him?

ARBI. I am beginning to think I may have been mistaken.

ABDUL. If thou couldst look into his soul thou wouldst find him guiltless of that monstrous charge.

ARBI. This morning I wanted thy blood. I wanted to see thee dead in the highway. I did not know thee, Caliph, I did not know thee. How can I now amend my fault. What can I do to prove my faith in thee?

ABDUL. Thou canst love me a little, Arbi. Only that.

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I would have thy affection even as a son hath affection for his father.

ARBI. [*Greatly moved.*] Thy compassion unmans me, great Caliph. [*Softly.*] I praise Allah my murderous bullet missed thee this morning.

ABDUL. But I am sorry, little Arbi, for thy bullet would have given me rest.

ARBI. Thy constant cry for rest wrings the heart of me, oh, my Caliph.

ABDUL. But perhaps thy friends will yet set me at peace.

ARBI. That shall not be.

ABDUL. They who do not know me, hate me, Arbi.

ARBI. Ah, but I will tell them how truly noble thou art. I will tell them what thou really art!

ABDUL. And thinkest thou, my son, they will heed thee?

ARBI. It is too true, indeed. My voice is but a whisper among the high winds of the desert. But thou wilt guard thyself well in future, my Caliph?

ABDUL. [*Smiling.*] Oh, yes, little one. I will take precautions—for the sake of my people. But I would be glad to die this very night.

ARBI. I cannot bear to hear thee talk so, great Caliph father.

ABDUL. Allah's ways are the ways of mystery. I must go on. I shall not ask thee of thy companions who would see me slain. I would that I might know them and talk with them even as I am now talking with thee. Yet I would not ask thee to betray thy comrades.

ARBI. [*Excitedly.*] By the beard of the prophet, thou hast shown me what I may do to remedy my wicked act! For thy own sake, generous Caliph, and for our people's sake, I will tell thee of whom thou shouldst beware.

ABDUL. [*Sternly.*] I will not have thee betray thy fellows, Arbi!

ARBI. Thou wilt see that thy soldiers do them no harm, O, Prince, but thou must know for thy people's sake whom to guard against.

ABDUL. I will see that the Caliph's justice be given them. That at least I can promise thee.

ARBI. Come thou nearer, father Caliph. [*Whispering.*] Among them that seek thy destruction is Yakoub, my brother.

ABDUL. Art thou right in telling me this, dear Arbi?

ARBI. I tell thee to show my trust in thee even as thou hast shown thy true self to me.

ABDUL. And there are yet others who would see me dead?

ARBI. Three others, Caliph father—Kazar Zerami, Osman Tezzi and the merchant Mullah Ben Ali. These and my brother have sworn to murder thee. Now thou knowest whom to be warned against.

ABDUL. Thinkest thou I should let them roam at liberty?

ARBI. Thou canst do naught but keep them from injuring thee, from disrupting the province through thy hurt.

ABDUL. What of thy brother Yakoub—is he a desperate man?

ARBI. [*Smiling.*] He is but a lad, three seasons younger than myself. He is our mother's favorite and of delicate health.

ABDUL. Does he know any secrets which thou thyself canst not tell me?

ARBI. Some, no doubt. He hath the zeal of a boy for his game. But thou wilt not torture him?

ABDUL. Suppose I were to promise more than that—

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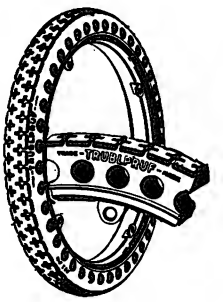

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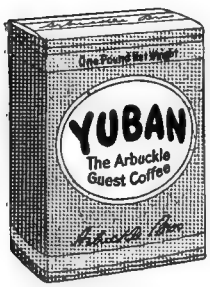

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suppose I were to give into thy own keeping Yakoub's life and the lives of those others——

ARBI. [*Impulsively reaches with his crippled hand for the hand of Abdul and kisses it.*] They shall swear eternal fealty to thee.

ABDUL. And will they not even help me in my weary work for the people?

ARBI. They will adore thee, noblest of Caliphs, even as I do.

ABDUL. Thou art my very son, little Arbi. Oh, never be thou clever, *mon enfant*, lest thou shouldst have to pay for it. [*Reaching for tablet and writing.*] Yakoub Houssain, thou sayest is thy brother's name, and those others who shall serve me are——?

ARBI. Kazar Zerami, Osman Tezzi, and the merchant Mullah Ben Ali.

ABDUL. [*Throwing down the tablet.*] Thou hast done a hard thing, boy, but there are many hard and cruel things in life, Arbi Houssain—thy wounded hands and feet for example.

ARBI. They will say, before they know thee, that I betrayed them to save myself. But even as thou canst be proof against slander, so can I.

ABDUL. Thou art a brave little heart.

ARBI. When they understand what thou art doing for thy people——

ABDUL. Ah, when they see me abolishing taxes and giving freedom to all—perhaps they will cease to taunt thee? But till then, Arbi, thou wilt suffer from misunderstandings—even as thy Caliph hath suffered.

ARBI. I shall be proud to suffer in thy cause, thou noblest of princes.

ABDUL. [*Suddenly.*] How pale thou art; thou must have nourishment. I will give thee wine and then thou must rest. [*He goes to taborette and with his back to Arbi, pours out a glass of wine, dropping into the glass something he takes from his girdle.*] Now, then, this will give thee sleep and that will be good for thee. I will watch over thee. Drink thou my health, little Arbi, even as I drink thine? [*Touches brim of glass to his lips.*]

ARBI. [*Trying to take glass with his crippled hand but failing.*] I am but an awkward clod, my Caliph.

ABDUL. [*Holding glass to Arbi's lips as the boy drinks feverishly.*] Thy pitiful state maketh my eyes dim with compassion for thee. But sleep is best for thee. [*Laying Arbi back among the cushions.*] Thy pains will soon be forgotten in blessed slumber.

ARBI. [*Dropping back with a sigh.*] And when I awake on the morrow shall I see my brother Yakoub and have talk with him?

ABDUL. [*Smiling as he replaces glass on taborette.*] Thou shalt have all thy desires—when thou hast awakened. [*Slowly.*] Sleep is best for thee. Sleep thou soundly, Arbi. Sleep—sleep—sleep. [*As Arbi falls back limp.*] Thy work has been well done—and mine. [*He peers into Arbi's face and then striding over to the gong he raps it sharply three times. Walla Din appears at the curtained doorway and salaams. Selim Kaddoon appears, bowing, in the archway. Picking up tablet and addressing Selim.*] Here is a list of the conspirators which thou didst fail to get. Have these men arrested and strangled. Get it over with quickly and quietly. Do not let the people know. This rebellion must be stamped out—now and forever. And put thou Yakoub Houssain on the torture wheel before thou hast killed him. He has information to give. But he is young and sickly and thou wilt have no

(*Continued on page* 54)

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THE SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE ACCOMPLISHED

The New York Police Officials Quick to Realize the Importance of a New Discovery

THE larger textile manufacturers of this country have for many years devoted considerable time and money in research and experimental work for the purpose of discovering a satisfactory method of making worsted serges colored in the wool with Indigo Dye. This dye produces a fast color and the method of wool-dyeing results in a uniformity of shade, but until recently all efforts have been negative.

The progressive spirit and determination of one prominent manufacturer of uniform fabrics has finally resulted in perfecting a process of coloring worsted serges, in the wool with Indigo Dye, which they guarantee to be absolutely fast color. This accomplishment is a highly important one to users of uniform clothing, especially members of Police Departments who subject their uniforms to unusual exposure to the elements. The NEW YORK CITY POLICE OFFICIALS were quick to realize this fact, and they have adopted the new INDIGO WOOL-DYED SERGE as their standard for summer uniforms.

The NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT used heretofore a serge colored in the piece with alizarine dye. This dye does not produce fast colors and the method of dyeing in the piece is not satisfactory as it results in a variation of shade in the piece, and, as only a few pieces can be colored at a time, each lot will vary in shade from those colored at a different period. These objectionable features are entirely overcome by the new method of coloring in the wool with Indigo Dye. This dye produces absolutely fast colors and the process of coloring in the wool permits the manufacturer to dye at one time a sufficient quantity of wool for his entire season's requirements. Therefore, all pieces will be uniform in shade throughout and match one another in shade. This uniformity and durability of color is highly important.

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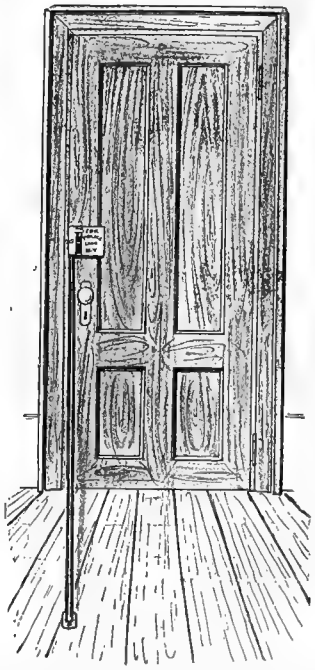

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THE HOLY YEAR 1925

. . . The Divine Goodness grants to us, the Divine Mercy grants to us, to proclaim the Holy Year, on this very day that is sacred to the Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . **"PIUS XI"**

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(*Continued from page* 52)

trouble with him. [*A pause.*] Take away that child's body and when thou art through with his brother, bury them together! [*Selim with a motion orders Walla Din to carry out the body of Arbi Houssain. As the negro disappears with his burden through archway, Selim exits backward, salaaming. Abdul, who has been pacing up and down thoughtfully, goes to the brazier, takes cigarette from case, lights it at brazier, which reflects the sinister satisfaction on his face, and humming a French air, walks slowly to the curtained doorway. He glances back at the empty dais, laughs softly, and exits. There is the boom of a heavy door closing, off stage, as the curtain falls.*]

The Check-Forger's Wiles

(*Continued from page* 15)

"I went to my friend, Mr. Hancock, and asked him to recommend a bank and he introduced me to the Broad street bank. I was told by the bank that I couldn't draw against this check until it came back from the clearing house. I had heard nothing unfavorable about the check, so I was permitted to draw about $1,500 against it, which I turned over to Broson, whom I had presented at the bank and introduced to the cashier. Two days later I drew out another $1,000.

"The last I heard from Broson was to the effect that he was going on Cox's yacht, 'John Dwight,' and a few days later I read in my morning paper that the yacht had been burned at sea and that the charred bodies of all those on board had been discovered. Broson must have found his way to 'Davy Jones' locker.'"

Now, anyone reading this might assume this story was taken from the "Wild Tales Magazine," but the truth is the narrative is a stenographic report of the statement made by this man to representatives of the surety company and of the bank. It is obvious there was something wrong elsewhere. The surety company, which is out nearly $2,800, is certain of it. To date this mystery remains one of the countless unsolved forgery puzzles of New York.

The writer has been contributing articles on the subject of forgery for several years in newspapers, magazines and trade journals, but he has never had an article published without having someone submit to him a new plan for eliminating forgery. Many of these systems might possibly tend towards the discouragement of forgery, but they would also eliminate banking.

What is most needed is a campaign of general education among all those who handle checks. It is the ordinary precautions which need to be observed to prevent losses. But today it seems that the business man insists upon his right to be careless, with the result that despite the amazing improvements which have been made in the manufacture of safety paper and check-writing machines, forgery is on the increase. The remedy is public education. Nothing else will stop the huge daily losses through the cunning of professional check-raisers.

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The Spooks That Failed

(*Continued from page* 25)

street with the word that the expansive Omna, the man of 190 pounds whom I had known, was not there.

"There is no such person in the house," said she. "The only man I saw was a little wrinkled old invalid sitting by a radiator trembling with the cold."

Yet the detective's appreciation of a good plan—for such I felt this to be—was strong in me that day and I decided to try again—to make another personal search of the apartment.

As I stepped into the living room I saw the shrivelled invalid she had mentioned huddled by the radiator. Incautiously enough he looked around at me, and there, in a man weighing 91 pounds, was the one I had known who had weighed 190. A great change, but not great enough to deceive me.

"Good day, Mr, Wolf. Do you know me?" said I.

"Yes. You're Mrs. Goodwin, aren't you? I've been afraid of this day. Have pity on me, please. Don't arrest me now. I'm ill, perhaps dying. Besides I'm broke. Let me be in peace, won't you?"

"You had no pity on the women you swindled when you took their last pennies. You are under arrest," was my reply. "Ask pity of Mrs. Langer, Mrs. Drew, the Countess or Mrs. Kenton."

"Mrs. Kenton," and at the name he shivered. "It's she I fear—not the others. Perhaps I shall meet her soon."

Probably most criminals expect a woman detective, because of her feminine sentiment and sensibilities, to be more lenient than a man of the same uniform. But these men forget that the underlying principle with every woman is a strong and real belief in justice. Is it not stronger with us than with men? I think so. Omna would get no sympathetic mercy from me.

There is not much more to tell. The man was suffering from a cancer in the arm that had driven him from sanitarium to sanitarium and before we could bring him to trial for his misdeeds, he died, unmourned, so far as I knew by any human being.

A doubly sharp commentary on his case arises from the fact that he told us he had lost in a gold mining stock—not the one he had glibly sold to the Countess and Mrs. Langer, but another that he believed was good—all of the money that he had stolen from Mrs. Langer and the Countess and had obtained from Butler for inveigling Mrs. Kenton into her acquaintance with that false rascal.

So Omna died as penniless as any of his dupes—and went to Potter's Field.

There is a phrase for it. "They who live by the sword shall perish by the sword."

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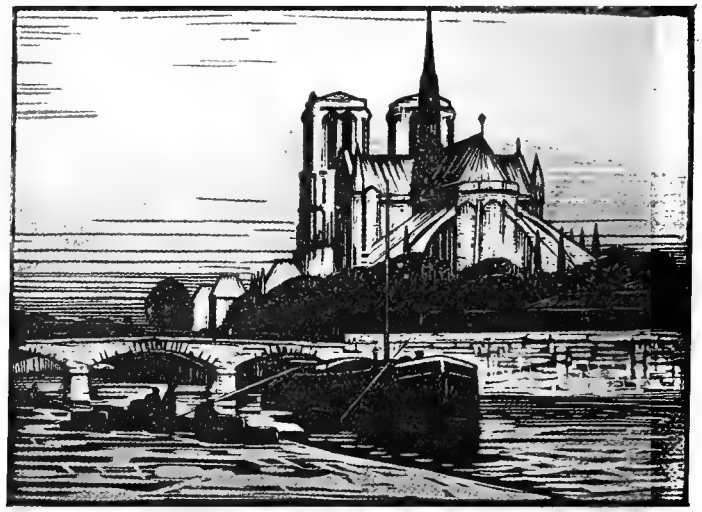

Notre Dame from the River Seine

The Parisian Detective At Work

(*Continued from page* 29)

it is said, in all police history has there been such a search. Forty thousand circulars, bearing photographs, offers of reward and translated when necessary, were sent to as many police agencies all over the world, but for a time in vain. We New York policemen were sitting at dinner at the Adlon, in Berlin, when newspaper headlines announced that Morey had been arrested after having badly wounded a Parisian cop. That was enough, so far as he was concerned. Inflicting an injury likely to cause death is a capital crime in France, even though death does not follow.

Morey therefore was tried and promptly sentenced to the guillotine, but at the solicitation of Mr. Shattuck, the sentence was later commuted to life imprisonment. It seems rather a pity. Still, he is in the hands of French justice, and his chances of regaining his liberty are not so very much greater than they would have been if the original sentence were carried out.

This left only one of the gang still at large; one Paul Camilleri, otherwise known, among other aliases, as "The Jockey." It was several months later that he was taken, somewhere in the vicinity of Marseilles. Morey was a French citizen, and therefore had to be tried in France. The Jockey had taken out American papers, and therefore now rests in the Tombs, with the probability of forty years enforced seclusion at the end of his coming trial.

The Detective Division as a whole is directly in charge of the Director of the Prefect's Cabinet, but there is one "brigade"—"squad," we would call it—which is not attached to the *Police Judiciare,* but is in charge of an assistant director, who, in turn, is directly responsible to the Minister of the Interior. They are really a species of governmental Secret Service, having to do with political activities of a seditious nature, and the disorders which arise from those activities.

The Detective Division proper, commanded by the Director, M. Lacambre—or, to be more accurate, that portion of the Division, amounting to about seventy-five per cent, which operates from Headquarters—is primarily divided into three "brigades," which are mentioned below in the inverse order of their importance.

The Narcotic Brigade, though so-called is really composed of the odd-job men of the Detective Division. They

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have, it is true, to investigate all cases which involve narcotic drugs, make seizures of drugs when necessary and to suppress all violations of law relating to these matters. But they also have game wardens attached to their squad. The supervision of hotels, boarding houses and so forth is a part of their duties. The detective recruits serve their probationary period under its commander.

The Public Way Brigade, as its name implies, has charge of everything that is normally likely to occur in the public streets or depots. Working, of course, in plain clothes, they are on the lookout for pickpockets, package thieves and similar minor predatory characters. It comes within their sphere of duty to apprehend gypsies and fortune-tellers, those who prey on drunken men, and to prevent panel and badger games.

The Special Brigade is a group of highly skilled specialists, as previously mentioned. These, with their associates of the Scientific Division, are the men who, under Dr. René Faralicq, their commanding officer, have charge of all the major crimes committed in or near Paris and also, in a measure, of those which may be committed elsewhere.

"Crimes of blood," homicides, that is, or attempted homicides, are on the decrease, we are told by M. Naudin, the Prefect, but other crimes, notably those against property, are becoming greater in number than formerly. It is the task of the Special Brigade to see that the numbers of homicides continue to decrease by bringing the murderers to justice, and by the same drastic means to discourage the growth of high-flying thieves and swindlers, international or local; and most competently do they proceed with their tasks.

These tasks have countless phases. One of them brings the morgue under their control; and the Paris morgue is now and for many years has been a very different and far more important affair than any to be found in the United States.

EVEN in days long before the Franco-German War the morgue and the sewers of Paris were two things that no sight-seeing tourist failed to visit. The latter was well worth remembering; the former one tried vainly to forget. In hope that some of the poor, dead derelicts might be identified, their stripped bodies were laid on slabs over which cold water was sprayed, while their sodden clothes were hung on pegs close by, and all who wished might come and gaze at them through bars as they would gaze when at the zoo.

Yet, when this was done, it was the best method of identification known, and a better one than could be found elsewhere in the world. Paris was proud of its morgue, and properly so. But times have changed since then, and the morgue has changed with them.

No longer are the bodies left where all can view them, nor are they laid on slabs, but are kept, while awaiting identification, in sliding boxes or drawers, much like those to be found in the New York morgue; but at this point all resemblance ceases, and any comparison between the two must be greatly to our disadvantage.

Anyone in search of a missing relative or friend, and no other outsiders are supposed to visit the morgue, is first asked for as accurate a description as possible of the person whom he seeks, and then is ushered into a small room, one wall of which is plate glass. On the far side of the glass is another room, also small, through

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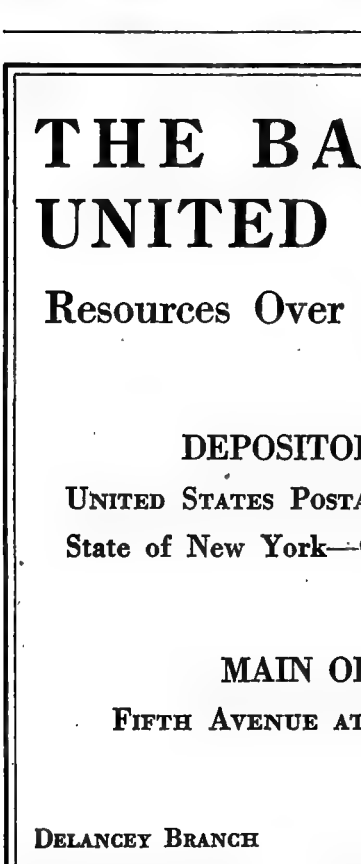

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which runs an elevator shaft. The body most closely answering to the description that has been given is taken on a rolling stretcher to this elevator; which lifts it, stretcher and all, into the room above, while the plate glass bars infection or odor from reaching the searcher, and also prevents many distressing scenes, where a loving woman might otherwise fling herself in an agony of grief across the body of one whom she has lost, only to find it in this horrible manner.

There might otherwise be many such scenes, for about 1,600 bodies are brought to the morgue in the course of a year. The Seine, on one bank of which the building stands, furnishes most of them, but by no means all. Of these about 400 will have died from unknown causes, 250 suicides, 400 accidental deaths from drowning and the like, 350 children newly or prematurely born, and 200 results of all sorts of homicides.

The depository room—that of the sliding boxes—is equipped with an ammonia refrigerating plant; the one into which the elevator ascends, on the far side of that plate glass, is fitted with a little overhead platform, from which a camera can be trained directly downward upon the stretcher beneath.

On these occasions the corpse on that stretcher is fully dressed, its clothing in the best order practicable, and the dead face, previously frozen for the purpose, is painstakingly manipulated into a semblance of life. Then the photograph is taken, and from the relative position of camera and corpse, it will appear as though the latter were standing erect.

Ghastly? Of course it is. How could the business of a morgue be otherwise? But something more than eighty-seven per cent of the unknown dead are identified by those means and so, ghastily or not, it seems worth while, very well worth while. The morgue, moreover, has many functions besides those just mentioned. All of them are more or less ghastly, perhaps, but all are useful to the very last degree.

The Scientific Division has its headquarters here, headed by a Doctor of Science and a "Legal Medico," the latter a physician and surgeon who has specialized in the aspects of his profession which are the results of crime, or which relate to crime in other ways. The present Legal Medico, by the way, is Dr. Edouard Beyle, inventor of a system already becoming well-known, of distant identification.

The morgue contains a modern surgical amphitheater of ample seating capacity, where the Legal Medico holds autopsies, in cases where the cause of death are mysterious, for the instruction of his fellow physicians and detectives of the Special Brigade alike. There usually are about 800 of these in the course of a year.

ONE doesn't have to be so very old a man to remember the "Anatomical Museums" to be found here and there throughout New York. They catered to the crowd's morbid curiosity with the exhibits of a few specimens of the human inner arrangements preserved in alcohol together with many wax figures showing physical abnormalities, apocryphal and other.

It isn't fair, of course, to compare those old catchpenny affairs with the museum to be seen in the Paris morgue, and though the mind of an old New Yorker will inevitably be recalled to the days of "Dr. Kahn" and his fellow fakers, there is certainly nothing like any real resemblance. The anatomical museum in Paris devotes itself largely to specimens, real or carefully represented in wax, of the characteristic manifestations of wounds and

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injuries wrought by violent means of any sort. It is one of the most efficient institutions for the higher education of a scientifically trained detective that is possible to imagine.

Most important of all that is housed in the morgue, from a detective's standpoint at least, is naturally the laboratory, especially equipped for the purpose that it serves, which is different in many important regards from the requirements of an ordinary analytic laboratory. The latter concerns itself with accuracy alone; the former has many things other than this both to contend with and to consider.

Men's lives may, and frequently do, depend upon what this laboratory finds. The ordinary laboratory is always supposed to have an adequate specimen with which to work. The detective laboratory of Paris sometimes does, but far more often does not.

It is usually the tiny blood-stain, which the criminal has overlooked, with which the detective analyst has to deal. Or perhaps a single thread, left sticking to a piece of broken furniture that can be proved, by the dye that it contains, to have come from a murderer's clothing. Frequently it is a single grain of powder, embedded in clothing or in flesh, and which may, by analysis, be made to reveal the type of firearm that burned it.

In the detection of forgery, it may be the wholly invisible substance left on a sheet of paper that will reveal the fact that erasures have been made, and not infrequently it happens that this same invisible substance will enable the chemist to restore the original text. Or it may be the hair-like stroke made in writing different parts of the same letter that will prove, by the two different inks employed, the existence of a forgery.

Some American detectives know that ordinary sheets of paper can, under certain conditions, become faintly luminous; but one will venture to say that there are more who do not. Yet the difference in this luminosity—fluorescence, as it is called—may betray the substitution of a forged document for a true one. A difference of composition of glue or sealing-wax, though identical in appearance with the original, may not only reveal the fact that a folder, say, has been tampered with, but may also hint strongly at the locality in which it was done, because glue and wax usually sold in different parts of the country are not, as a rule, manufactured by quite the same formulæ. And so it goes.

The same scientific spirit and trend is evident in everything that the Parisian detective does; and sometimes, as has already been remarked, this may be rather overdone. His system of criminal identification is, or rather it was, a case in point.

Forty years ago no really adequate system of identification, that would remain unaffected by time or disguise, was used in any part of Europe. In 1885 M. Bertillon perfected the system to which his name has been given, and which almost at once was adopted everywhere. It was a system of bone measurements based on the theory that the human skeleton structure becomes mature at the age of twenty-two years, and thereafter remains unaltered. For the sake of convenience the left middle finger and the left foot were selected as the standard basic masurements, these to be re-enforced by others in cases of doubt.

This system served its purpose fairly well in most cases, and then seemed to be the best one available, but nevertheless it left much to be desired. It was cumbrous and it was not always decisive, for many cases in which the measurements were identical in two subjects were encountered. Eventually it was virtually abandoned in

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favor of the fingerprint; and it is very greatly to the discredit of the Police Departments of the world that this was not adopted at least a century ago.

The fingerprint was known as a positive identification before the days of Moses, and used as such in the East, usually as an unforgeable signature. In 1855 it was accepted as evidence in a murder trial in Bengal, India. In America—but it was South America, to be sure—one Jean Vuchetech made the first identification by this means in 1891, and about the same time Mark Twain wrote his famous "Pudd'head Wilson," which hinges on the fingerprint. But it was not until 1901 that the system was brought from India to Europe, to be established in Scotland Yard, though the system of classification had been worked out by Sir Edward Henry, Sir Francis Galton and Dr. Foulds, eminent British criminologists, at least six years before.

The advantages of fingerprint identification are obvious. Its use is very simple. According to calculations made by Dr. Balthazar, one of the heads of the Paris Police Laboratory, proper odds for a bet that no duplicate for a fingerprint could be found in one trillion to one. Or, putting it in another way, two identical prints may possibly be found once in two hundred trillion years. One does not consider that such a chance is worth wasting much worry over. The French, however, seemed to think differently. They would take no avoidable chances, no matter how remote, and therefore maintained a system embracing both the Bertillon and the fingerprints almost up to the present day.

Still, this fault, if it be a fault, is merely the excess of a virtue, and serves well to illustrate the French trend of mind that this article has endeavored to make plain. And it is only fair to state that when he once does adopt any course, he takes it as far as it can be driven by first-class brain power toward its scientifically logical end. Once more the fingerprints serve excellently well as a case in point.

The Paris police adopted that system reluctantly and recently, yet they already have perfected an instrument by which a print in its natural size can readily be studied in its most microscopic detail. It answers to the name of Epidactyloscope. It is a species of magic lantern, electrically lighted and fitted with reflecting mirrors as well as the usual magnifying lens, and throws an image many diameters greater than the original on a horizontal screen. We have one in the Bureau of Criminal Identification at New York Police Headquarters.

The Inside Man

(*Continued from page* 13)

became, until Jim Mason looked at him sharply and made some joking remark about giving away points. Freddie Benton covered his nervousness with a smile and forced his attention to the game before him.

For awhile he succeeded—then gradually the ticking of the clock on the mantel called his mind away. It was nine now—nine and no word had come from headquarters.

Freddy lost another game.

Another half hour. Nine-thirty now—and safe! Nine-thirty and no call, no warning that the complaints had begun to flood in from automobile owners! Nine-thirty. Champa street had been cleaned by this time. The first three raids had been completed and the gang spreading out to separated fields where there would be less danger of detection, where——

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Cl-l-l-l-i-n-n-g-g-gg!

It was the sharp, insistent call of the telephone. Freddie Benton stiffened his nerves with a jerk, then clasped his hands at the back of his chair as he forced a nonchalant look into his eyes. Jim Mason dropped his cards complacently and walked to the phone.

"Yeh, Jim Mason talking," he began. "Who's this? Oh, didn't catch the name at first. You don't say? That's good. Everything's lovely, you say? Fine!"

He hung up the 'phone. Freddie Benton, tense until now, relaxed—then, with a galvanic spring, leaped to his feet and writhed in anger. Cold steel had touched his wrists and clutched them. A girl stood laughing behind him—and handcuffs were on the wrists of Freddie Benton, the clever—Freddie Benton, the Inside Man.

"All right, Dad," came the calm voice of Margaret Mason, "it couldn't have been nicer if he'd held out his hands for me."

Freddie Benton twisted again and snarled. Grey-haired old Jim Mason chuckled as he turned from the telephone room and lit his pipe.

"I wouldn't get all heated up about it, sonny. All it'll do for you is work up a sweat and ruin your collar."

"But what"—Freddie Benton was gasping—"What's it all about?"

"About ten years for you and your bunch in Canon City, if we have luck," answered Jim Mason. "You see, that call was just to inform me that the rest of your gang was waiting for you down in the bull-pen, and to bring you along to complete the party."

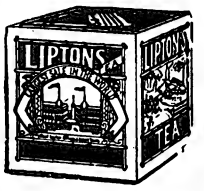
Freddie Benton forced a laugh.

"You're playing a joke on me!"

"No," the voice was Margaret Mason's, as she slid into an easy chair and smiled at the handcuffed man. "You used the wrong tense. It's already played. Remember the first time you ever took me out? And the machine broke down? Well, when you lifted the hood, the light was just right so I could see the engine number. I've got a good memory—enough of one to carry that number home with me and look it up on our list of stolen cars. That was enough to tell Dad and me who you were. And remember the other night when I tied my shoe in your friend's Locomobile? Very silly of your friend to do so, but he had neglected to take out the number plate—or change it—and that was stolen, too. So, you can see how easy it was for Dad to trail you to your friend and put a dictograph in the room and——"

"A dictograph!" Freddie Benton gasped. His face turned grey. "A dictograph!"

"You know what they are, don't you?" asked Jim Mason, as he fished for a match. "Things to carry sound—so that someone else can sit in another room, hear two fellows make all the plans for a wholesale automobile thieving picnic, then have his men on the job ready to make the pinch when the gang shows up. Yep, Freddie," he added, sucking at his pipe, "it was a joke all right—and the best of it is that you started out to play it on us and ended up with the whole thing on you. Guess we'd better be moving to headquarters. Get little Freddie's hat for him, Margaret. He's all in a fever and he might catch cold!"



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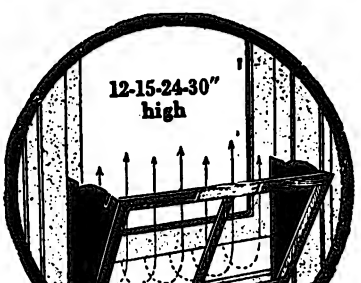

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The "Care-Taker"

(*Continued from page* 33)

The officer turned to the man he had called Martin and looked at him with disgust. Then he addressed her again.

"What was he tryin' to do?" he demanded.

"He was tryin' to rob me," she answered, quietly and without emotion as if such an occurrence was not uncommon, and at her words the abject figure broke into maudlin protestations.

"Fine thing t'say about yer on'y brother, an' him atryin' ter kiss yer goo-bye," he wailed.

"Shut up!" ordered the detective. "Dy'e want him locked up?" he asked of Nancy, and for an instant she hesitated. "Looks like somethin' was comin' to him anyway."

The second officer unlocked the handcuffs without a word and jerked Martin to his feet.

"Beat it!" he ordered briefly, and projected the man into the hallway. He recovered his feet quickly and they heard his stumbling steps as he dashed down the stairs. The first man turned to Nancy.

"Ye don't happen to know where Jim Bentley is?" he asked. "We got a little business with him that won't keep." She shivered at the tone and turned from him.

"I don't know," she answered slowly.

"Ye know what we want with him?" the man went on, and she nodded.

"I heard what was in th' paper," she replied.

"Ye know that him an' two more sat in Grogan's back room last night an' planned to end Cooper. It was Cooper's factory that he'd bin locked out of; him an' th' rest, when th' strike fell down. Cooper was heard to say that he'd never hire none o' that gang again. Cooper was a rich man. Las' night somebody called Cooper to his front door an' plugged him with three holes. We got th' confession o' th' two that was with Jim that he done it. Both of 'em swears he plugged th' old man. There ain't nothin' to it."

"He never done it," she said calmly.

"He sure did, an' beat it. We got th' goods on him, an' we'll get him. The others—his pals, swear to it."

She met the man's gaze bravely.

"His pals, eh?" she scoffed. "I ain't heard them two was never known to tell a lie. It's likely they'd swear it onto someone else, an' more likely if that one warn't with 'em."

The two men laughed.

"I guess that's right," admitted the second one jovially. "But they ain't lyin' this time."

"Well, you ain't goin' to git Jim right," she declared stoutly. "You ain't never goin' to git him fer no crooked business."

The first man stared at her intently.

"Seein' you know so much, maybe ye know where he was las' night," he suggested. She shook her head.

"Well, we do," he went on swiftly. "He was with that red-headed dame."

She paled and closed her eyes, then opened them and smiled at him.

"Nothin' doin'," she announced bravely. "I'm onto that game."

The officer grinned.

"All right, then," he conceded, "but how's he bin livin', you an' him, eh? Th' strike's bin on eight months now, an' you ain't no bondholders."

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She looked him scornfully in the eyes and held out her hands. The fingers were pricked and torn.

"Look at 'em," she cried. "I've bin workin', that's why. It's because o' that we ain't starved, an' ain't goin' to. And we ain't in debt, neither. An' if ye don't believe me ye can go there an ask. She'll tell ye."

She caught a crumpled card from the bureau and flung it on the table. The second man deliberately pulled out a notebook and laboriously copied the name and address.

"We'll ask all right, don't be afeard o' that," he assured her solemnly, and followed his partner out.

"I ain't worryin'," she told herself. "He'll be took care of."

With flushed face and determined air she set about preparing a bite of breakfast for herself.

When she had finished the simple meal and was engaged in putting away the cracked chinaware she heard a step upon the stair.

"It's Jim!" she cried. "Jim! Jim! Oh thank—" She fell limply to the floor.

"Nancy! Nancy!" a man's voice cried, and she sat up weakly. "Nancy!" cried the voice again, and she struggled to her feet as Jim Bentley dashed into the room and seized her in his arms. As he strained her to him she pressed backward against his encircling grasp until she could look into his eyes.

"Wait!" she commanded with her hands upon his breast. "Tell me true. You went with 'em?"

"I quit—before," he answered meeting her gaze squarely.

"They say 'twas you fired th' shot; that 'twas you that called him to th' door an'—"

"They lie!" he cried fiercely. "They lie!"

She dropped her face upon his shoulder and pressed her cheek into his coat.

"I'm—tired, Jim," she whispered. "I heard you an' them talkin' in Grogan's. I was outside, listenin', and I heard that man McNally say that Cooper'd ought to be shot down like a dog, an' Pete say he'd help any man do it, an' then you—"

"I never meant it, Nancy," he interposed. "I didn't know they had it fixed up t' lay it onto me. I was drunk when I got outside, an' then, when we got up above th' Park, I commenced t' get sober, an' somethin' kep' ringin' in my head. *'Jim!'* it said. *'Jim. Come home with me! Home with me! Home!'* An' I quit 'em. They cursed an' swore they'd queer me, but th' words was callin', an' I just had t' quit, Nancy. I had to quit 'em, an' I did."

She smiled and patted his shoulder happily as she glanced up with eyes in which were tears of joy.

"Thanks—Friend!" she murmured. "He come home."

To her husband she turned again.

"Th' cops were here lookin' fer you. They said th' others swore you killed Cooper."

"Let 'em," he smiled down at her. "Let 'em swear. I wasn't with 'em, an' I got th' best alibi any man ever had."

"Who'll prove it fer ye?" she whispered. "Sometimes it's hard."

"Th' po-lice," he answered. "A cop pinched me fer punchin' a feller what kicked a dog. It was on Madison avenoo, two blocks or so after I quit them—others. Why, I just got out o' Yorkville Court, girlie. They had me locked up in a cell from close to midnight. Th' judge fined me two dollars this mornin'—"

"Two dollars!" she echoed, and he grinned.

"Yes, an' then paid th' fine hisself. It was his dog," he answered.

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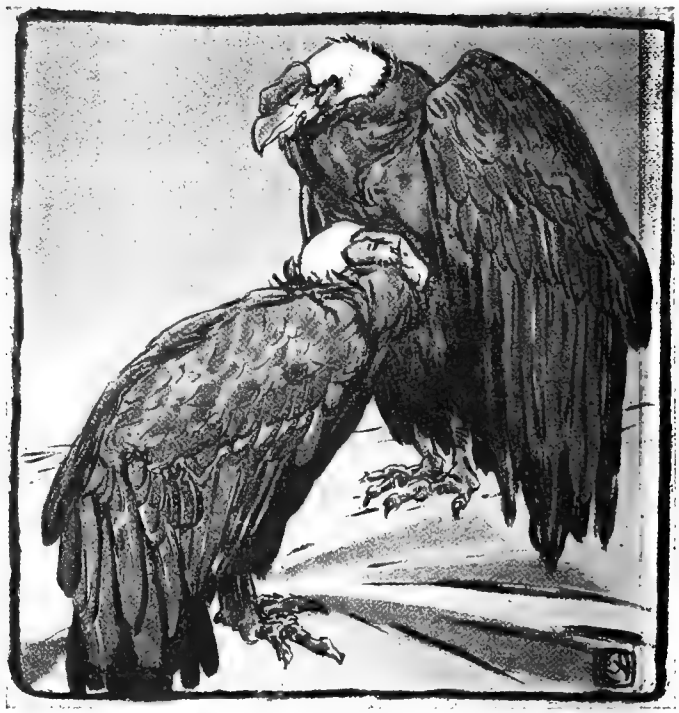
She drew him gently over to the window and pointed out to where the thick yellow rays poured down into the narrow street.

"When that sun come up this mornin', all red an' angry lookin', I come near quittin', but soon it changed to gold, Jim, an' I seen it didn't look so angry like, but glad, not but what I was afeared an' doubtin', but somehow I hung on, askin' an' tryin' t' know that He'd take care o' you, an' me, an' that some instrument'd be pervided—" She paused and looked about her wonderingly. "Don't it seem queer fer a po-lisman to be an instrument o' Love an' Light?"

He laughed out loud and clutched her closely to him.

"He was a darned good cop," he said jovially. "Why, he bought me my breakfast."



"Vultures of the Dark"

FROM the days when New York was an Indian-harried Dutch village on the lower tip of Manhattan Island, press and public have considered the chiefs of police force to be legitimate targets for criticism of many sorts. To these varieties of criticism there now must be added another to which Mr. Richard E. Enright, the present Commissioner of Police, has laid himself open, for he has written a novel, and Brentano's have published it. Of its sort it is, moreover, a very good one.

Commissioner Enright is, of course, a highly-trained specialist in criminals, crime and the detection of crime. Very wisely he has created *Vultures of the Dark*, this first novel of his, from the wealth of material which his life's work has stored in his mind.

The tale opens in the Fifth Avenue residence of a millionaire upon an evening that is wet in every sense of the word. The master of the house sits alone in his study, busied with problems relating to his affairs. A party, picturesquely bizarre and decidedly bacchanalian in character, given by his motherless and very attractive daughter, is in full swing on the floor below.

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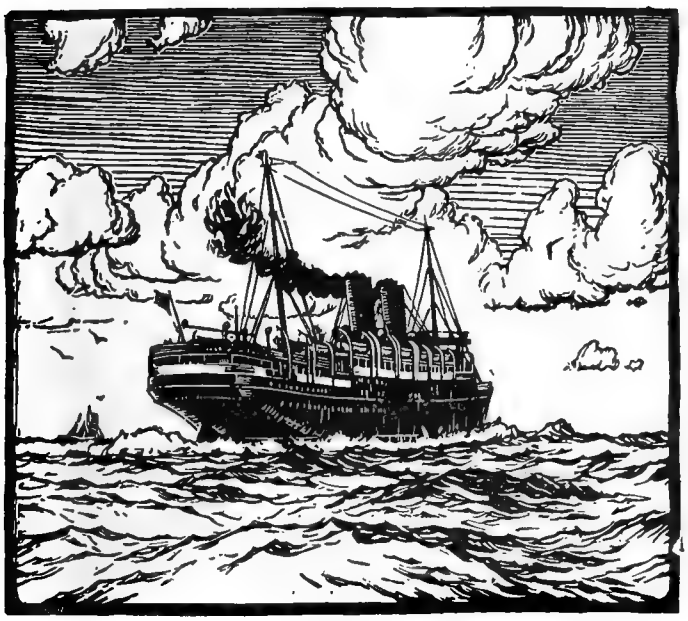
Outside it is storming fiercely when the hero, a young detective, stops for a moment to exchange greetings with the patrolman on the beat. They catch sight of a man in the act of forcing a window. They rush in, and barely manage to prevent the murder of the millionaire. The intending assassin is killed.

Thenceforward events move swiftly. In executive ability, and in his genius for organization, the millionaire is in no way less than Napoleon, whom he greatly admires. He is indeed a captain of industry; industry legitimate and otherwise. All of his many enterprises are made to serve the others, but each is kept rigidly distinct from the rest, and those who act as his tools are in ignorance of all except the parts that they and their immediate associates are to play. One man only, his junior partner and his daughter's oft-rejected suitor, is partially in his confidence.

It is the young detective who is chiefly instrumental in bringing these facts to light, but from the first he operates under a heavy handicap. He and the girl fall in love with each other, thus furnishing the element of romance without which no novel is complete; and this very naturally tends to blind him to the father's criminality. More than this, the father's enterprises are like many games of chess, simultaneously played. In these games pawns are sacrificed ruthlessly, thus creating currents of underworld enmity which complicate the plot until its disentanglement seems impossible. At last, however, the arch-criminal dies by his own unintentional act, and the lovers are happily united.

From the foregoing resumé, necessarily brief, it might be supposed that this book differs but little from the ordinary run of detective stories, but this is very far from being the case. The saying that truth is stranger than fiction has become trite because it is so true. Any writer of tales will testify that there are many facts that he dare not use because they are so incredible. From this very serious limitation Commissioner Enright is largely exempt. He began his career as a patrolman, and every tiny detail of his profession is a matter of intimate daily habit. This knowledge enables him to place strange happenings in business-like technical settings that cannot fail to carry conviction.

The result is a mystery story that stands in a class by itself.



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Cobbie

The Story of a Friendly Poker Game that Lasted for Twenty Years

By Walter G. Springer

Illustration by Walt Williams

THE illustrious men of history — Columbus, Napoleon, Julius Cæsar, Washington —great as they were in their several spheres, all died without ever having tasted the transcendental pleasure of capturing a jack-pot with four measly deuces or bluffing their opponents to a finish with a hand of no intrinsic value whatsoever. So far as poker was concerned Cobbie had it all over the famous ones of earth. Cobbie was a player par excellence, a born past-master of the game. His card sense was developed to the *nth* degree.

If a niche had been provided in the Hall of Fame for men of gambling achievement, Cobbie's statue would be there, conspicuously heroic. His cronies were sure of that.

That Cobbie should thus be glorified would, doubtless, be contested if a nationwide search were made for poker candidates for immortality. Every community in New York, every large or small town, every army barracks, every place where men congregate regularly for their poker, would offer a notable entry.

But, for Len and Jack and Doc and Mack, Cobbie would still remain the only logical choice. Their reasons will be understood, as we go on with our story.

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* * *

"Everybody's here but Cobbie," Jack observed when the regular Saturday night roll was called at Len's house on West Eightieth Street.

"He'll be along," said Doc, who had canceled several professional appointments, as usual on Saturday nights, to sit in the game. In his offices, he was gravely greeted as Doctor. His clientele was an important one. The majority of them would have been surprised to know that his chief relaxation was poker.

To Cobbie and Jack and Len and Mack, though, he was just Doc. He played his game quietly and keenly enjoyed the quips of his cronies.

He had become a fixture in these games years before when his practice was small and not lucrative. Success in his profession had not altered his poker habits. He was the same Doc, always, to Cobbie and Jack and Len and Mack.

Over the span of years that this quintet had played their weekly games, usually at Len's home, there had been few ringers-in. Jack had brought along a fellow named Doby for a few nights. But, Doc usually indicated,

(*Continued on page* 68)

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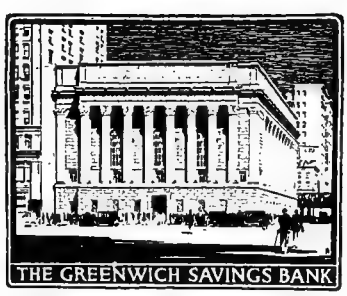

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Cobbie

(*Continued from page* 66)

without words, but with a whimsical grimace, that he didn't like the old-time aristocracy of years' standing broken into.

Len trolled along a fellow named Barney on several occasions but he was voted too talky. Doc referred to him as "Barnum" after those games. "He jangles the game with his jabber," Doc remarked, and, after that neither Barney or Doby sat in, except to fill out on rare occasions in the absence of a regular.

When Len and Jack and Doc and Mack sat around the table on this particular Saturday night, and Cobbie didn't show up, there was the usual conjecture of possible reasons for his absence.

Cobbie always came when the game was at Len's. Aside from the game itself, Len's sister, Ella, lived there and she was a sufficient attraction to bring Cobbie there several other nights each week. In fact, Cobbie's poker friends took it for granted that Ella and Cobbie some day would complete their growing romance. Nearly every game developed the question as to which one of them would be best man. Cobbie always retorted that if there was to be a best man, Ella herself would do the selecting which meant that the honor would go to Jack.

Cobbie nourished a good-natured jealousy over the fact that Ella singled out Jack particularly among his friends, and, when time from the game was taken for light "dutch feeds," she always came into the room and sat beside Jack. Cobbie would openly remark the attention she paid the "curley-haired one" as he called him. This, usually was met with taunts from the rest that he had better keep his eyes open.

Ella enjoyed Cobbie's concern. She was romantic and enjoyed the flash in his eyes, his frank admissions in front of his friends. It was the age-old woman's way.

She possessed unusual charm of features and voice. Her personality attracted all of Cobbie's friends, although none gave him reason for uneasiness, except Jack.

The "curley-haired one" was no more attentive to Ella than any of his other friends. It was Ella's attention to Jack that Cobbie challenged, but always in a light vein. Always was the same long friendship displayed by the two men—when Ella was not present.

"Well, it's eight-twenty, and we might as well start the game without him," suggested Mack.

But, for a short time there ensued the usual comments on the supremacy of Cobbie's poker.

"You never can tell when he's bluffing," remarked Doc. "His whole body is a 'poker face.'"

"I've studied his game for years—it's always different. His hands, every jesticulation aid that 'poker face' to conceal his play. I never once 'doped him out'," was Len's observation.

"Cobbie and Mack are both broadcasting stations," dryly remarked Doc, "but you can tune in on Mack with a crystal set. Marconi himself couldn't decipher Cobbie's code."

"Let's play," was Mack's only rejoiner as everyone smiled at the usual jibe about his poker broadcasting.

"I'll 'phone 'Barnum'," suggested Len, "if we want another hand to fill in."

Everyone looked at Doc.

He lowered his eyes, but made no remark.

It was settled. The game would go on without "Barnum."

"How about calling Doby?" suggested Jack, but with the same result from Doc.

"Let's make it a foursome," he quietly returned, and the game was on.

Len had dealt what appeared to be four interesting hands. Jack passed, placidly folding up his cards but retaining them in his hands.

Mack's broadcaster was working. He quickly opened with two chips.

Doc quietly shoved two into the pot, with, "I'll stay."

Len looked over his hand attentively and, with, "this is looking pretty promising," stayed.

"Bump you two," came from Jack, who had passed.

"You're as bad as Cobbie," from Mack, who looked his hand over more carefully. "I'll stay."

"Up two," returned Doc with his combined professional placidness and an impenetrable face.

"See what you started, now," Len jibed at Mack. "Your broadcaster is working fine tonight. Well, I'll stay," he concluded.

That was Jack's meat. "That's my bet; up two more."

"What am I up against, two blood-thirsty highwaymen?" asked Mack.

"You opened," was Doc's rejoiner.

(*Continued on page* 70)

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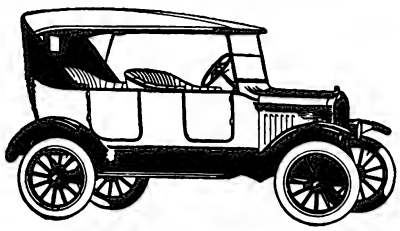

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Cobbie

(*Continued from page* 68)

"Yes, you opened a bee-hive," came from Len, who realized he was between two fires.

"I drop!" said Mack, with a doleful expression.

"One baby down," from Jack, as he immediately called Doc's raise.

"Yeh, you get the suckers out, then you stop. A fine bluff, that," growled Mack, as he put his hand on the table. "Cards to the gamblers," called Len.

"Three," from Jack.

"Look at Jack the Robber," Mack taunted. "Only wants three cards. Perhaps you'll take a whole new hand, Doc?" "Three, for me," came from Doc.

"What you two need are a couple of blackjacks out on the avenue among a bunch of feeble old men," from Mack, as he saw he was bluffed out.

"Who was it opened?" asked Jack.

"Better keep your openers," suggested Len, "or we may have to declare the deal off. I'm dealing these cards and openers will have to be shown," he directed at Mack.

"Who's bet?" innocently asked Jack.

"Mack's!" answered Len.

"Oh, it's Doc's bet," retorted Mack. "I'm out. You'd better get ready for the blackjack twins."

"I check," said Doc.

"What do you think you're playing, parcheesa?" asked Mack.

"You're not in the game, Mack," retorted Doc. "You dropped."

"Check," declared Len.

"So do I," said Jack.

"Well, I'll be——!" from Mack. "I bet I had you all trimmed."

"Maybe so, you'll have to show openers at least," returned Len. "What have you, Doc?"

"Nits," and he put down a pair of threes.

A low groan from Mack.

"You, Jack?"

"A pair of fish-hooks!" as he displayed sevens.

A long rumble from Mack.

"Octoroons, here!" exclaimed Len, as he reached for the pot.

Mack mechanically turned over his hand. "Three aces opened."

Amid the poker sportsmen's enjoyment of the frequently played bluff on Mack, there came a hurried knock on the door, and a muffled sob out in the hall.

"Come in," chorused the four.

"Why, what is wrong, Ella?" questioned Doc, as she stepped into the room, carrying a piece of crumpled paper in her hand.

"Cobbie's gone!" she choked, and sat heavily in a chair.

"Where? What do you mean gone?"

"He sent this note to me, and here is part of what he says." She read from the bottom of the paper:

"I'm a failure. I've tried to make good, Ella, with my airbrake, but somehow I don't have the necessary 'put-it-over'." She skipped a few lines, apparently of things she wished to keep to herself, and read on:

"Say goodbye to the fellows, for me. God bless you, Ella," then she broke down and could read no more.

"What does it mean?" they all asked, anxiously, as they puzzled over the sudden unhappy interruption of the game.

As nearly as she could, Ella explained the leavetaking

(*Continued on page* 72)

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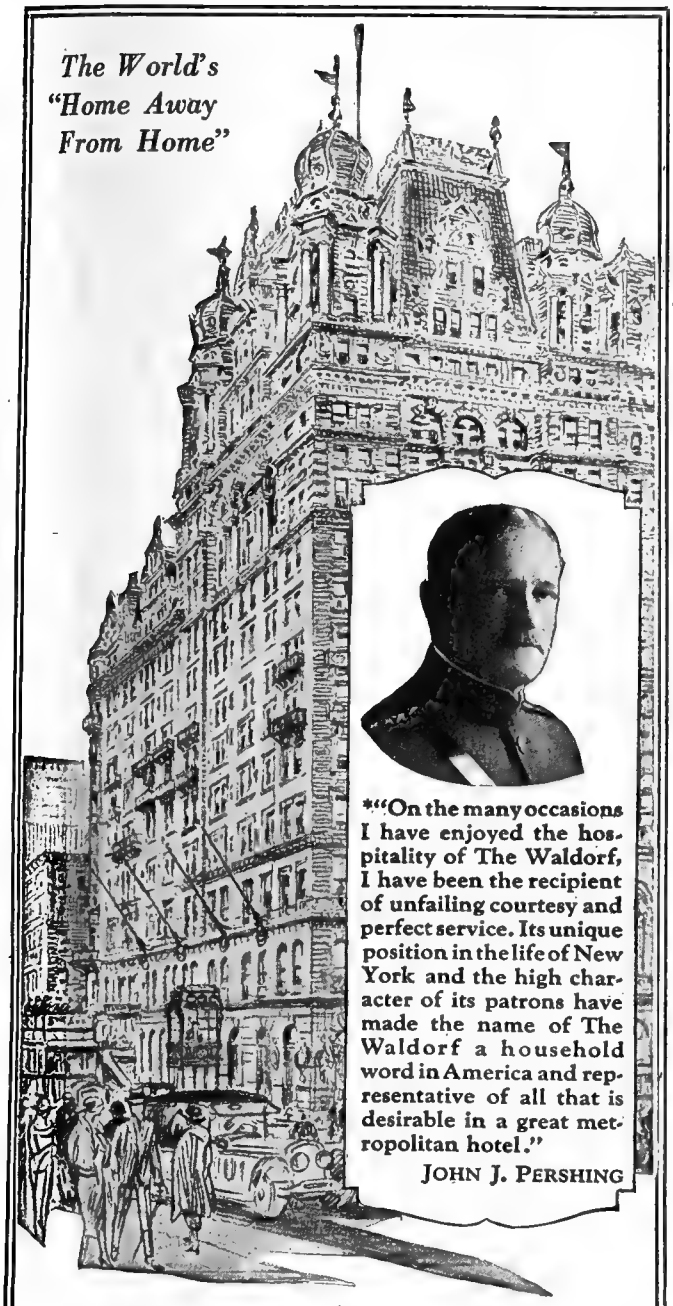

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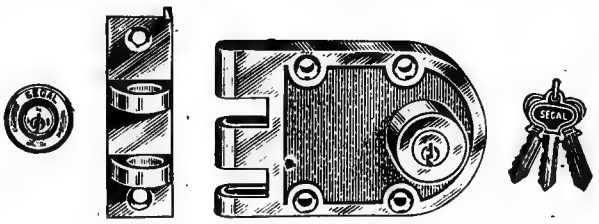

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(*Continued from page* 70)

and the note. She and Cobbie had had a petty quarrel.

"His foolish jealousy," she sobbed, "but, I gave him no reason to do this," and she broke down again as she confided to these, Cobbie's best friends, that they were to have been married as soon as Cobbie had perfected his patent.

She said he had been working on an airbrake for which he had high hopes, had finished the last test; that he had been trying to interest capital, but had failed.

"He perhaps was so worried that he has done something rash," she quavered.

Len telephoned Cobbie's rooming-house, but got no encouraging news of his whereabouts. "He left early in the evening. Yes, all of his things are here," the landlady responded to Len's inquiries.

The police-detective bureau was notified. Each of his friends went with a detective to Cobbie's various haunts, but he could not be found.

That was a bitter night for Ella. "If I had only known, I could have explained everything, dear," she repeated over and over to his picture on her dressing-table.

Like many another rash lover, however, Cobbie had not given her a chance to explain, and, as the night passed, and a day, then days and weeks, there seemed only one solution of Cobbie's disappearance. He had destroyed himself.

Len and Jack and Doc and Mack concluded this was the fact. Cobbie's family in Maine reported that he had not returned home. They, too, anxiously pushed the search, but, with the aid of the best detectives no trace of Cobbie was found from the moment he left his room.

As was their custom, for several Saturday nights after his disappearance, Cobbie's friends met, but there was no game. Cobbie's death, as they all had come to agree, absorbed their evenings.

It was recalled that he had worn a diamond in his shirt front, and another on his finger.

His friends chose the theory that he had been robbed and disposed of. It seemed better to think that way than to suppose he had destroyed himself. This belief became the accepted reason for his disappearance.

"Cobbie would not kill himself," quietly declared Doc. Ella, somberly agreed, as did Jack and Len and Mack.

The fourth Saturday night after Cobbie's disappearance had brought to his friends no explanation further than the note he had left to Ella. They took his death for granted.

Then, one Saturday night, the game started again, with just the four, Len and Jack and Doc and Mack. And, after several sessions, Ella began knocking on the door at "dutch feed" time, and served the refreshments.

Her face portrayed the anguish she felt, and always when they discussed Cobbie she would break down and hurry from the room. So they stopped referring to him in her presence.

One night, two years to the hour after Cobbie's note had startled his friends, Doc suddenly looked up from his cards and said: "Oh, I forgot to tell you. I saw Cobbie in Pittsburg the other day." There was not the trace of a smile on his face.

It was such an unusual piece of levity for Doc that for some moments the others looked frankly puzzled. Then, each one grinned grimly.

About every half year thereafter Doc would suddenly hurl a similar remark into the most quiet moment of the game. It always was met with grim smiles, the

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kind that are forced at a funeral. "Cobbie was in my office today," or, "I had lunch with Cobbie Thursday," became a wierd hobby of ejaculation for Doc.

Time, the healer, lessened the sorrow of that night of his disappearance. Even Ella always wistful, when Cobbie's name was mentioned, resigned herself to the fate that had separated them.

"We're none of us chickens," remarked Doc one night during the game, but Ella looks just the same as she did the night Cobbie left."

"That was seven years ago on April 20th," remarked Mack, and, from the way things look, Doc, the next time you have lunch with him you'd better tell him if he doesn't get back before the crows fly south this fall, Jack will have Ella for keeps."

And so, fate ordained, and when the crows did begin to gather for their southern pilgrimage in October, Cobbie's disappearance was as much a mystery as ever, and Jack, true to Mack's prophecy, had paid court so successfully that he and Ella were quietly married.

There was no best man. Ella remembered their former guesses about the best man for her and Cobbie. Her wedding was simple and the pair immediately started for a honeymoon in California.

Len and Doc and Mack saw them off and Doc quietly called Jack aside at the station.

"If you see Cobbie in Chicago, give him my regards," was his parting word. Jack's face did not reflect the levity.

On the following Saturday night the three faithful ones gathered at Len's. "We three can't play. We'll have to get Barnum, so I've asked him to come," said the host. It was inevitable. The aristocracy of their years' of poker together had to be broken. So, Barnum, with his "jangle," sat in.

The game went on while Ella and Jack spent a happy honeymoon. Their return was marked with a suitable reception, and, as it happened to be Saturday night, after the honors to the returned couple were properly done, the inevitable game was suggested. Ella submitted, and Jack rejoined his friends.

"I might as well become resigned to entertaining myself on Saturday nights," she told her woman friends as they left the men to their cards.

"See anything of Cobbie?" was Doc's first question after a hand had been dealt.

Jack grimaced oddly. "A peculiar thing happened," he answered. "When we pulled into Chicago, Ella chanced upon an article in one of the newspapers about an air-brake which she says is exactly what Cobbie invented. He had shown her his drawings, you know, and she was insistent they were the same. She wanted to look up the man, who, according to the paper, had made a fortune. She thought we might get some clue to Cobbie's death through the inventor."

"Did you look him up?" queried Mack.

"No. The paper didn't give an address, and the editor said he had no record to show who wrote the story."

"H'm! Cobbie's plans must have gone with him into the East river," said Len, and the game went on.

So, with Jack back, Saturday night continued to be what it had been to those four men for more than seven years, and, when Cobbie had been among them, for more than ten years back of that.

They grew greyer as time passed, but nearly always on Saturday night, there was the usual poker quorum. Rarely did "Barnum" or Doby get called upon to sit

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in the game. And Doc kept refusing Saturday night appointments.

But, again there came a break in their quartette. Jack wasn't feeling well, and he and Ella were going to revisit their honeymoon scenes in California to recoup his health. The "gang" gave the pair a send-off, with a bidding to get back as soon as possible.

Doby was called into the Saturday night sessions. Reports from California about Jack's health were not very encouraging, and, one night Len got a telegram that he was gravely ill. Mack and Doc and Doby were there. They kept on playing, although there were many references to Jack and much concern over him.

"He would want us to keep on playing," was Doc's explanation as they drew up their chairs to the table. Then came a shock to all of them. Jack had contracted pneumonia and died.

Ella wired that she would bring the body back home. Len and Doc and Mack met her in Chicago. She bore the strain with wonderful courage. She was more composed, indeed, at the funeral than was Len or Mack. Doc kept his grief well-concealed. His professional training had steeled him against any outward expression of emotion.

Ella was the center of affectionate sympathy and attention from Len and Doc and Mack. She continued to come in at their recesses from the game to serve refreshments.

"She retains her youth and charm remarkably," was Doc's repeated remark whenever she left the room for them to continue their game. Len and Mack nodded assent, as did Doby, who now had come to be recognized as a regular.

So, the game continued, and, occasionally, in the absence of a regular, "Barnum" was called upon to fill in.

It was just another Saturday night and Len and Doc and Doby and Mack had settled down to their game. Mack had broadcast the fact that he had good openers, and Doc had given him a two chip bump, when the telephone bell rang. Doc was nearest and answered.

His face showed irritation. "It was 'Barnum'. He wants to know if we've room for him to sit in," stated Doc. "I told him to come along."

"Now, we'll have plenty of jangle," he said, with unconcealed displeasure. "His voice sounded husky, so maybe he won't be so talky."

The game went on. Mack, as usual got caught between two bluffers and was squeezed out. The doorbell rang.

"You're nearest," said Doc, to Len. "It's 'Barnum'.

Len opened the door and stepped back into the room.

"God!" he exclaimed, heavily.

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Doc and Mack and Doby looked up in amazement.

"Good Lord!————————Cobbie!" half shouted Doc.

A square-shouldered, silvery-haired man stood there, a grim expression on his face. He knew the tragic note he had struck and he was just as speechless as any man in the room.

He sat down among that tense group and they all exchanged flashing, startled glances for seconds that seemed to grow into hours. No lips in that room could seem to unseal themselves.

It was Doc who regained his composure first.

"Where have you been, Cobbie? We thought you were dead."

Cobbie nodded his head and reached out his hand. Each one in turn grasped it.

"Where's Ella?" demanded Cobbie, huskily, before he heeded the questions that were flung at him by dried-up voices.

"Where's Jack?" came the second question, as his eyes noted the absence of his friend of more than twenty years gone by.

"Ella is here," said Doc, "and didn't you know that she and Jack were married?"

The steel-grey man nodded heavily.

"I should have known, of course, but I didn't," he replied thickly.

No voice there was strong enough to explain the happenings of that score of years to Cobbie.

Doc rose from the table and went out into the hall. The others sat there, mute, their minds barely able to wonder why he left.

After a brief absence, he returned.

"Has anyone told him about Jack?" he asked.

(*Continued on page* 78)

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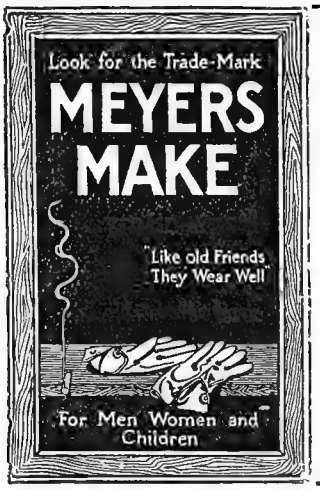

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Young O'Brien is appearing in the star role in "The Iron Horse," the William Fox production built around the first transcontinental railroad, which is entertaining New York picturegoers. Prior to his engagement in this part, the boy played in several minor roles with Tom Mix. Before that he carried a camera.

With the outbreak of the World War, young O'Brien enlisted in the U. S. Navy and served throughout the trouble aboard the Sub-chaser "297" as radio operator. Incidentally, he won the light heavyweight championship belt of the Pacific fleet, defeating every contender until Sailor Bob Ferguson outpointed him, just before the close of his enlistment.

In civilian life again, O'Brien returned to Santa Clara College. But not for long. At a rodeo he met Tom Mix. His next move was to join the cowboy-actor as cameraman. Soon he was playing small parts. Then he came to the attention of William Fox, who was planning "The Iron Horse" at the time. Now all New York and the west coast know the result. O'Brien found his niche, and Chief Daniel O'Brien is a happy man.

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The Police Chief of Lima Studies Our Methods

MAJOR JOSEPH CROSILLAT, chief of police at Lima, the Peruvian capital, came to New York the other day to study the police methods of the metropolis. He will remain in this country two years. He was cordially received by Commissioner Enright, who conducted him through the Headquarters' labyrinth and explained the workings of the various departments.

Major Crosillat is the last word in what the well-dressed cop should wear—according to Latin-American standards. He wore a military vizored-cap heavily embroidered in gold, a tight-fitting zouave jacket with a white Sam Browne belt, from which hung a jewelled gold-chased sword. His trousers of dark blue were widely striped with gold, and his boots were of the cavalry type and of patent leather.

The Major expressed himself as being much impressed with the efficient methods of the New York Police Department and will install many of the mechanisms in operation there when he returns to Lima.

During his sojourn in the United States Major Crosillat will visit the police headquarters of each of the large cities and learn from the Chiefs just what is being done in the way of greater efficiency in the detection of crime and the various methods of crime prevention. He intends to gather in the facts about everyone of our police systems and apply the best that he finds in his own organization in Lima. "It is my ambition," he says, "to give my country a police administration equal to that existing in America today."

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(*Continued from page 75*)

Shaking heads, were his answer.

Doc had collected himself sufficiently to explain briefly to the glassy-eyed man, huddle over the table, the happenings of the past two decades. When he came to Ella's marriage to Jack, Cobbie's head dropped closer to the table. When he told him of Jack's death the head dropped to the table with a heavy thump, the shoulders telegaphed the emotion that was within the man.

Finally, he sat up and squared his shoulders.

"I've been a human ass, stone-hearted and blind," he began, his lips quivering, but Doc held up his hand and bade silence as they heard footsteps in the room across the hall.

"I told her there was a friend here to see her," he explained. "She might not stand another shock."

Cobbie and Len and Mack and Dobby nodded in understanding.

Doc returned to the door across the hall.

There was a gasp of fright and unbelief, as he told Ella, he had received a telegram from Cobbie. But when he led her across the hall into the room he had just left, she caught sight of Cobbie and swooned.

When she revived she could only stare in unbelief.

Cobbie's eyes fastened upon Ella. His lips formed and reformed soundless words.

Len and Mack and Doby stared in startled expectation from Cobbie to Ella.

Doc quietly assured Ella that Cobbie actually was there and that he had told him briefly what had transpired in his absence.

Her eyes mellowed as she began to realize it was not all a dream.

"But where have you been?" her voice was faint.

"Chicago," was all that Cobbie's emotion would permit him to answer.

"And you were there when Jack and I went through?"

"I've been there ever since I left New York," and his voice wavered, "that's over twenty years."

Ella started to say something, but her voice failed.

Doc asked the question for her: "Then, it was your airbrake that Ella read about?"

Cobbie nodded. "It took me more than twenty years to market it——but I finally succeeded."

"And here you are," Doc's voice had a tone of old-time rollick.

"Yes here I am——the most reprehensible——" but he choked as Ella held up her hand.

"You are back——that's enough for us to know for tonight," smiled Ella. "It's 11 o'clock. I'll make some coffee,——the other things are ready." She rose weakly, gathering her strength to walk.

Cobbie was on his feet and helped her.

There were smiles on the tragically white faces of the group as Ella and Cobbie proceeded to the kitchen.

For a while nothing was said. The three old-timers left to themselves looked at each other and Mack grinned broadly.

"I guess we'd better get on with our three-some," he said.

"Shoot!" urged Doc, and Mack shuffled the cards.

"It does seem like old times," grinned Doby. "But I hope we won't have any more surprises to-night. Gee, my hands tremble so I can't hold the cards."

"Spill 'em, then," snapped the Doc.

The fragrance of boiling coffee found its way to Len and Doc and Doby and Mack, after an hour's wait; then, the pungent odor of burning coffee came from the kitchen to remind them of the probable scene being enacted there.

But they did not interrupt; instead, they quietly parted and left Ella and Cobbie to their reflections of the past and their plans for the future.

* * *

Cobbie and Doc and Mack and Doby still meet on Saturday nights—at Cobbie's house, and the old game has lost none of its zest for the quartette.

Ella doesn't serve the refreshments, however. She has too many other cares—chief of which is looking after Cobbie junior.

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Soldiers of Peace

By J. J. D.

WHERE do you find anywhere assembled among men a body of characters finer than policemen? Black sheep do creep among the ranks of the blue-coats, as they work their way into the ministry and into every other calling. Yet what assemblage of average humanity can show so few of them? The very sternness, the constant risk and danger of the policeman's life and work, rule out the human cur. The moment a policeman pins on his badge, he knows his life is no longer his own. It belongs henceforth to the society he has set forth to serve. Thence-forward he is like a soldier of peace-time, always on the firing line, or always ready to be there at the first alarm. But soldiers enlist for war. The policeman is in a lifetime war with forces far more sinister and dangerous than the foe of the soldier. The soldier's foe fights in the open. The soldier's enemy is a man, like himself. The policeman's antagonist is the human rat, hiding, burrowing, skulking, stabbing in the dark and stabbing the back. It is oftenest of all in the dark that the policeman's courage is at the test.

Hundreds of a policeman's smaller duties are as disagreeable to himself as they may be to others; it is not alone the criminal that the officer of the law must deal with. Often his worst customer is the orderly citizen who forgets for the moment some necessary regulation, and comes to grips with the man appointed to remind him. That offender is often the worst of all to handle. Sometimes I wonder how a policeman keeps hold of his good opinion of humanity, when so much of humanity that he comes in contact with is criminally inclined, and when even the orderly members of society are so easily insulted by the cop who is forced to pinch them. At times we must all seem like a sorry lot to the policeman. He must look upon us as a bunch of foolish children.

What a policeman really means to society, and does for society, can only be gauged by imagining what society would be without him. Not long ago that happened in one of our big cities. The experience was illuminating to all concerned. To thoughtful persons it was saddening to see with what a rush the evil forces among 700,000 of the best governed people in our country let themselves loose upon a defenseless community and took over a city the moment the control of a few thousand police was relaxed. I am not condoning the police of that city for leaving their posts, whatever grievance they may have had. It was the wrong thing to do, the wrong way to settle the grievance. But it taught the community, as well as the police, a lesson.

We don't need to ask of him a closer attention to duty in the course of his work. He has been paying attention to that duty, without suitable reward, without adequate notice for years and years. The next duty is our own. That is to see that the man in the blue uniform and the brass buttons, when he makes his last call on the round, in hot summer night or blizzard day, is able to enter his own door with the light of a confident expectancy on his face. We want him to be able to close his own door against the howl of the winter wind or the heat of the summer's sun, and find within that door the comforts of an American home.

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* * *

That making left turns create accident elements?

* * *

That parking autos on busy streets impedes traffic?

* * *

That danger lurks in most unsuspected places?

* * *

That carelessness is the major part of all accidents?

* * *

That jay walking is more dangerous than going to war?

* * *

That talking lamps, traffic stanchions, road signs, speak a warning to you?

* * *

That you guess wrong when you try to outguess the other fellow?

* * *

That the whistles you hear at 3 P. M. is to warn you that school is being dismissed?

* * *

That policemen, expert in brake testing, are on the road looking you over?

* * *

That life imprisonment awaits you for causing the death of another?

* * *

That driving at a safe rate of speed will insure you living years longer?

* * *

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